

★ STAR ★ RANGER

ACTION...SPEED...EXCITEMENT

★★★★★
FEBRUARY
1937
10¢



PICTORIAL STORIES OF THE GOLDEN WEST



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The Roundup

a personal chat with the editor

WE'RE A-CALLIN' YUH



Hi, Rangers! Jest tie yore broncos to th' hitchin' posts out thar an' push yore Stetsons back off yore foreheads! Thar ain't no sun a-gleamin' in yore eyes, an' the dust of th' prairies has plumb settled down, with nary a wind t' disturb it! Take yore six-guns out o' yore holsters an' hold 'em level, 'cause yore gonna do a bit o' action afore we're done with yuh. Thar! That's it, Rangers! Stand thar, jest sol! We're a-goin' t' take yore pitchers an' put 'em in a book an' tell th' folks what yuh been doin' fer nigh on to a hundred y'ars! What's that, Cap'n? Yuh bet! A book like yuh ain't never seen afore! It's called STAR RANGER an' it tells about yuh mostly in pitchers what artists draw an' color, an' we're a-calc'latin' it's a-goin' t' tell about yuh better'n anything ever done up t' now! Yore a-goin' t' ride them plains an' see them sunsets all over ag'in. The dust is a-goin' t' fly an' bullets is a-goin' t' zing through th' air while yore perfectin' th' settlers ag'in th' Arapaho, th' Cheyenne, th' Kiowa an' th' Comanche Injuns. Them was hard ridin' days an' thar's a heap t' be told about yuh, Rangers.

But th' Injuns wasn't yore wu'st trouble. Yuh sort o' felt even then that th' Inijuns was a-fightin' th' Whites 'cause they didn't want 'em a-comin' on out o' th' East an' a-takin' away their huntin' grounds. Oh, no! Yore troubles was mostly on account o' th' white livered rats what come on after th' settlers an' rustled their cattle an' stole their property. White outlaws what preyed on their own kind. They was pretty tough hombres, too, Rangers. Maybe yore six-guns ain't notched, an' maybe they is, but thar's a story in every crack o' yore gun powder, an' it'd weigh mighty heavy t' put all of it t'gether what went crackin' after low white an' half white bandits.

An' thar ain't no sense o' showin' yuh all th' time in a fight, neither. They's times when yuh been downright pleasant. How about when yuh come t' th' end o' th' day, Rangers, an' yuh set about the fire out thar under th' stars? Well, yuh maybe didn't have no gee-tar with yuh, but th' way yuh sang them cowboy songs, yuh didn't need any. An' th' smell o' sage was a-blowin' over th' prairies an' yuh was full o' chuck. Yuh jest leaned back comfortable ag'in yore saddles an' spun tall stories. Yes, sir! We're a-goin' t' spin some o' them thar yarns about yuh, too, jest t' prove t' th' folks that yore life wasn't all blood an' thunder.

So thar yuh are, Rangers. Jest look over this here copy o' STAR RANGER! Yore pitcher's in it. An' we hope you'll like what we're a-tellin' th' folks about yuh.

"KEN" FITCH.

STAR RANGER

Harry "A" Chesler
Editor & Publisher

Kenneth Fitch, Managing Editor

No. 1

February, 1937



10 Cents

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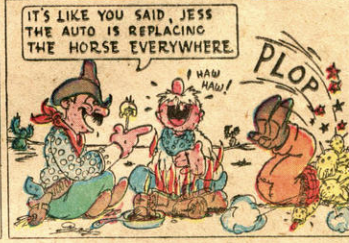
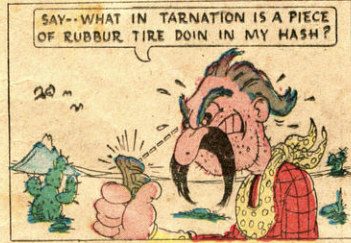
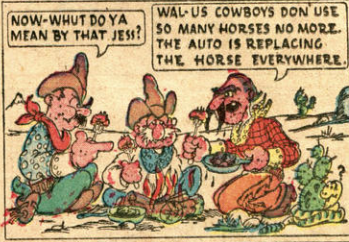
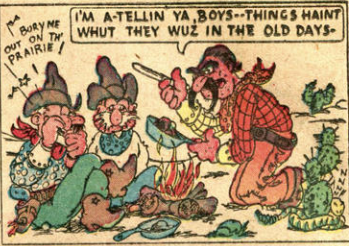
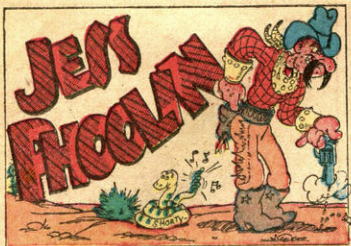
Hard Times

Lonesome Luke

Ace & Deuce

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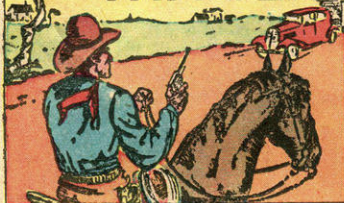
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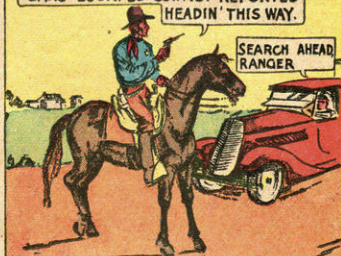
17 South Market St., Dept. B-36, Chicago, Ill.



TRAILER TRIGGERS



SORRY TO STOP YOU, MISTER, BUT I GOT ORDERS TO SEARCH ALL CARS. ESCAPED CONVICT REPORTED HEADIN' THIS WAY.

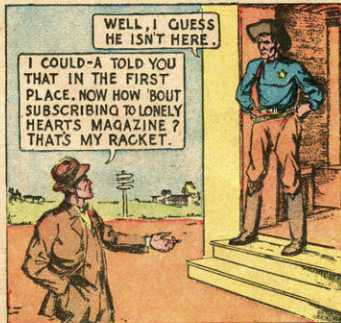


BETTER LOOK INSIDE THE STOVE, TOO. HA-HA!



WELL, I GUESS HE ISN'T HERE.

I COULD-A TOLD YOU THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE. NOW HOW 'BOUT SUBSCRIBING TO LONELY HEARTS MAGAZINE? THAT'S MY RACKET.

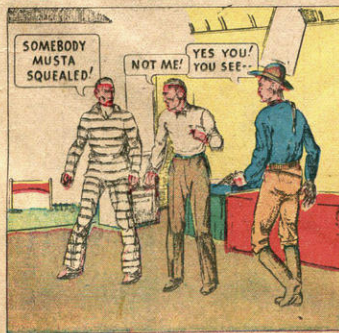
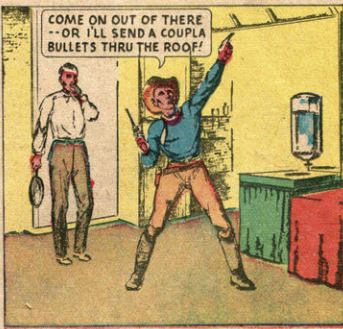
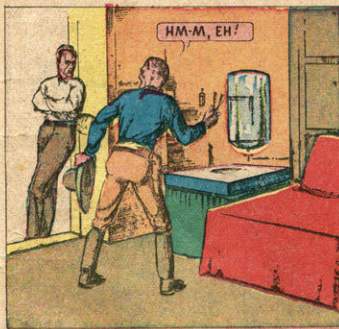
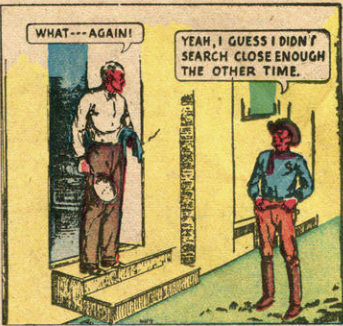


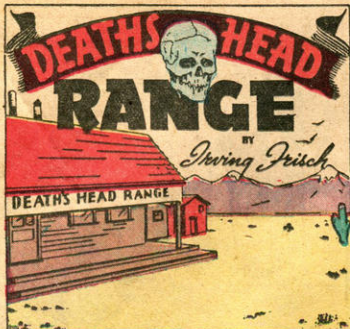
I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY THAT GUY LOOKED — BUT GOSH, IF THAT CONVICT WAS HIDIN' ON THAT BUS HE MUST OF BEEN IN A SECRET PANEL OR SOMETHIN'



YOU SAY THE POSSE LOST HIM RIGHT AFTER A COVERED-CAR TRAILER PASSED — GOSH!

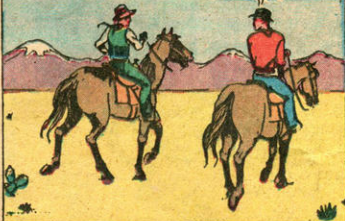






WELL, BOB, THE WEST MUST
FEEL MIGHTY GOOD TO YOU
AFTER RADIO ENGINEERIN'
SCHOOL BACK EAST.

SURE, DOES STEVE.
THIS IS THE FIRST
TIME I'VE RIDDEN
THE RANGE IN
THREE YEARS.



HOLD ON, AMIGO! ARE YOU NOT
BOB HORNE, THE SON OF THE
RICH RANCHER HORNE?

YES, I AM.
WHAT DO YOU
WANT WITH
ME?



JUST THEES, SEÑOR. YOU
WEEL TAKE \$5,000 IN
COUNTERFEIT BILLS TO THE
BANK AND CASH THEM. SAY
EET IS FOR YOUR FATHER,
SAVVY?

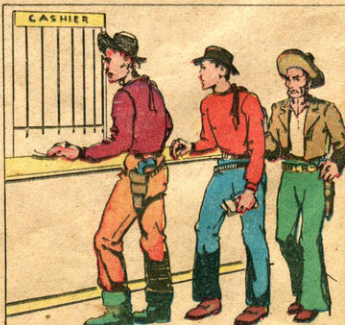
I DON'T BELEIVE
THEY WILL CHANGE
IT. BUT I GUESS
I'LL HAVE TO TRY.



DON'T TRY ANYTHING
FUNNY, MY FRIEND. I
STAY RIGHT BEHIND
YOU EVERY MINUTE!

AND. DON'T FORGET!
JOSE'S GOT YOUR PAL
BACK THERE AND IF
YOU DOUBLE CROSS HM..

OKAY. I UNDERSTAND.



WHAT YOU DRUMMIN'
YORE FINGERS FOR,
SON ? NERVOUS ?

GUESS SO. I'VE BEEN
THAT WAY EVER SINCE
I SUFFERED A FRIGHT
A FEW YEARS AGO.

HERE YOU ARE, BOB.
HAVEN'T HEARD YOU
ON THE AIR LATELY.
I'M AN AMATEUR
RADIO OPERATOR.
MYSELF NOW, Y'KNOW.

YES, I KNOW. I'VE
HEARD YOUR RIG ON
THE AIR. SOUNDS
FINE BUSINESS.

FUNNY THE WAY BOB KEPT TAPPIN'
HIS FINGERS. NEVER KNEW HIM TO
BE SO NERVOUS BEFORE.

WHY—YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-
CROSSING HALF-BREED—
YOU SAID YOU'D FREE US
WHEN I BROUGHT THE
MONEY BACK. I'LL...

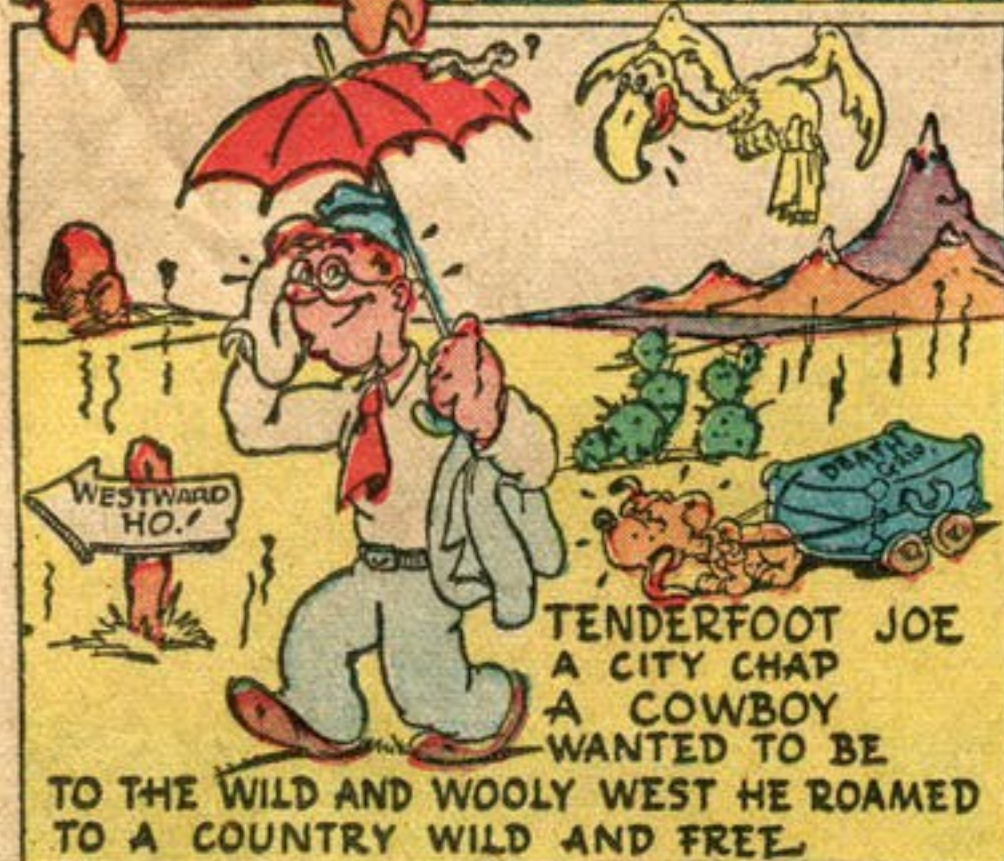
TAKE IT EASY, MI
AMIGO ! I THINK
YOU STAY HERE
TILL WE MAKE
GETAWAY, NO ?

NOT SO FAST, JOSE ! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO
GET MY HANDS ON YOU AND YOUR BAND OF
CUTTHROATS FOR A LONG TIME !

SHORE WAS MIGHTY CLEVER
OF YOU TO TAP OUT THAT
S.O.S. TO THE CASHIER, SON.
YOU SHORE WERE IN A
TIGHT SPOT !

AND HOW !
I WAS AFRAID
THAT CASHIER
WOULD NEVER
FIGURE OUT
THAT I WAS
TAPPING OUT A
DANGER SIGNAL
FOR HIM TO GET
IN TOUCH WITH
YOU, SHERIFF.

TENDERFOOT



TENDERFOOT JOE
A CITY CHAP
A COWBOY
WANTED TO BE

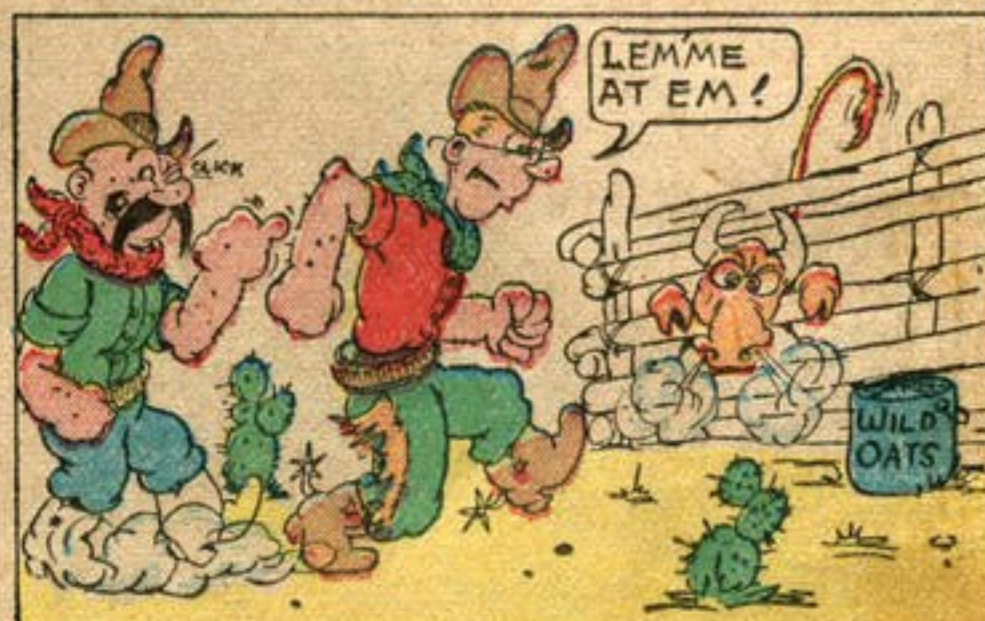
TO THE WILD AND WOOLY WEST HE ROAMED
TO A COUNTRY WILD AND FREE



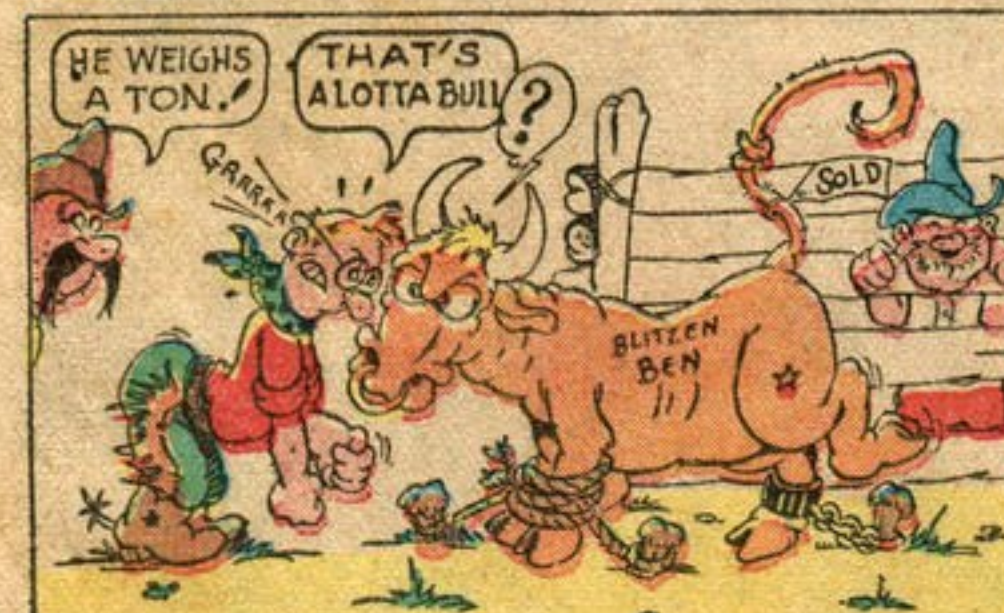
"WHOOPEE" HE CRIED TO THE COWBOYS THERE
I'M ONE OF YOU RIGHT NOW
I'LL RIDE THE WILDEST STEER YOU HAVE
AND PUNCH THE TOUGHEST COW



THE COWBOWS LAUGHED, THE FOREMAN SAID,
A TENDER SORT OF A CUSS
BUT IF YOU WANT TO RIDE A BUCKING STEER
THAT'S ALRIGHT WITH US



TO THE CORRAL THEY WANDERED
LEADING TENDERFOOT JOE
THERE IN HIS PEN WAS BLITZEN BEN
A STEER THAT WAS RARIN TO GO



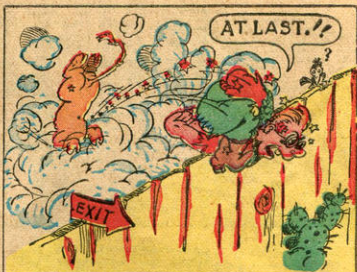
A SAVAGE GLINT WAS IN HIS EYE
THAT DIDN'T SCARE YOUNG JOE
BEFORE A COWBOY HE BECAME
THERE WAS MUCH HE HAD TO KNOW



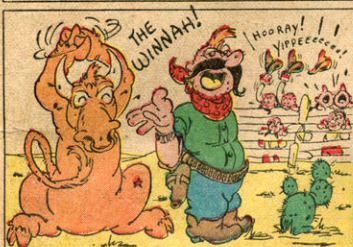
THE STEER WAS BUCKING HIGH AND WIDE
HIS ACTION WASN'T SLOW
HE QUICKLY HOPPED UPON HIS BACK
AND GAVE THE WORD TO GO



HE WENT ALRIGHT AS HE WAS TOLD MUCH TO THE CROWDS DELIGHT THEY YIPPED AND YELLED, TOSSED THEIR HATS WHILE POOR JOE HUNG ON TIGHT



THE STEER JUST GALLOPED ROUND THE FIELD EXCITEMENT WAS INTENSE THEN SUDDENLY HE STOPPED AND JOE WENT FLYING O'ER THE FENCE



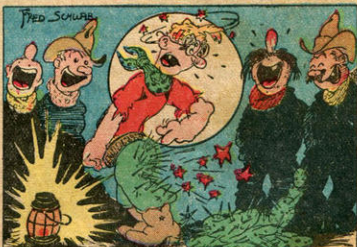
THE CROWD THEN RUSHED ACROSS THE FIELD TO SEE WHAT THEY COULD SEE THE STEER JUST SAT UPON THE GROUND AND LAUGHED ALOUD WITH GLEE



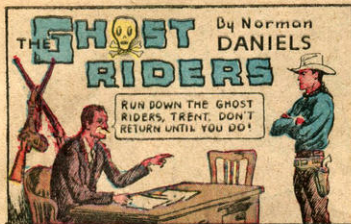
THAT NIGHT THEY FOUND THE CITY CHAP SAFELY ON THE GROUND FOR WEEKS IT LOOKED AS IF HE'D BE SORE AND MUSCLE BOUND



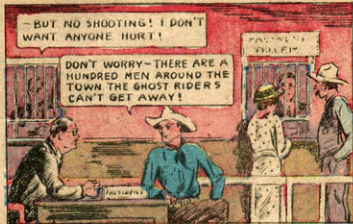
SHAKEN UP AND SHAKEN DOWN HE RUBBED HIS THROBBING HEAD WHEN HE SAW THE COWBOYS THERE HE WEAKLY SMILED AND SAID



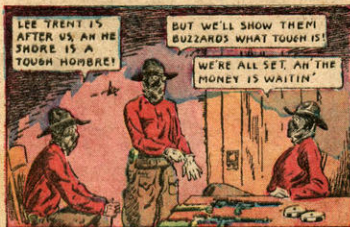
I LONGED TO RIDE A BUCKING STEER NOW I KNOW I CAN'T BUT I NEVER DREAMED OF LANDING UPON A CACTUS PLANT



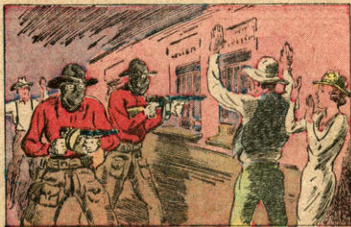
Texas Ranger Lee Trent, called off patrol work, was ordered before the Chief of the Rangers. There he learned a cryptic tale of terror and violence. Throughout the state a gang, known as the Ghost Riders, had raided bank after bank and their loot was mounting toward the million mark. Trent's task was to run them down.



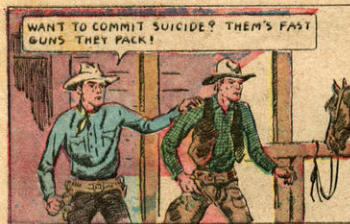
Trent's first step was to lure the robbers to a bank which he had prepared for the holdup. He spread the word that an exceptional amount of cash would be on hand at the bank. A hundred men surrounded the town, so that if the bank should be raided, they would stop anyone trying to flee into the desert.



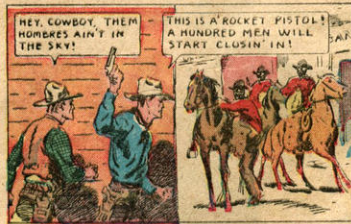
Lee Trent knew against whom he was pitted. Every five or six months the Ghost Riders would strike and vanish as completely as if they were really phantoms. Each one a killer, the mysterious band showed little mercy when opposed. They were falling into Trent's trap, but even so, the Ranger's reputation had reached them.



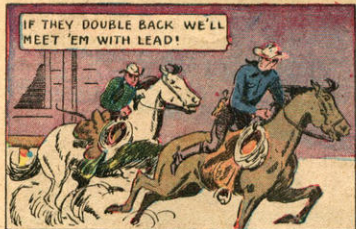
The Ghost Riders struck swiftly. As if they had dropped from the sky, they appeared in front of the bank. Guns ready for action, they rushed inside. Customers, tellers and officers were quickly subdued by the sight of the rapid-fire rifles. With perfected smoothness they looted the bank.



Texas Ranger Lee Trent watched from a vantage point outside the bank. When the Ghost Riders appeared, Trent made no move to close in on them, for he knew they would open fire and murder everyone in the bank. When Buck Williams, known as Dude in ridicule of his careless dress, pulled his weapon, Lee Trent ordered him not to start shooting.

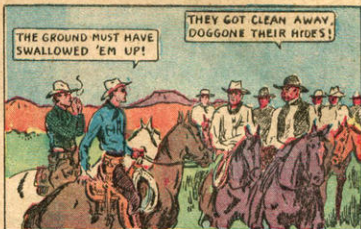


Trent's plan was put into effect. With the bandits stealing toward the north end of town, and every man, woman and child hiding, Trent fired a rocket-pistol which created black clouds of smoke, a signal to the hundred men carefully strung out all around the town, to get ready to seize anyone trying to leave.



IF THEY DOUBLE BACK WE'LL MEET 'EM WITH LEAD!

The Ghost Riders vanished around a corner. Such was the infamy of their acts that not a shot was fired as they spurred down the main street. Instantly Trent and his friend, Dude, streaked for their mounts, swung aboard and were off in hot pursuit.



THE GROUND MUST HAVE SWALLOWED 'EM UP!

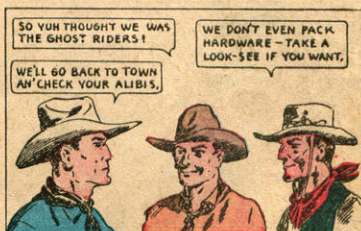
THEY GOT CLEAN AWAY, DOGGONE THEIR HORSES!

But swift as they were, and carefully as Trent's plans worked out, the Ghost Riders seemed to have faded into the ether. There wasn't a sign of them, their horses or their guns. The loot, put into six heavy pouches, had also vanished. Trent was completely baffled.



THESE ARE THE ONLY HOMBRES WE COULD CORRAL!

The net of cowboys found only three men upon the desert. Two were cowhands who identified themselves as employees of the Bar Y, a ranch two miles away. The third was a stranger, obviously an old desert rat who accidentally got caught in the closing net. But the posse took no chances. The prisoners were brought before the Texas Ranger.



SO YUH THOUGHT WE WAS THE GHOST RIDERS!

WE DON'T EVEN PACK HARDWARE - TAKE A LOOK-SEE IF YOU WANT,

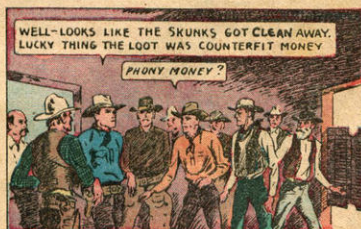
WE'LL GO BACK TO TOWN AN' CHECK YOUR ALIBIS,

Trent questioned the men closely. The cowhands had an alibi. They had been in town spending their monthly checks and had left fifteen minutes before the holdup. The old desert wanderer produced a quantity of provisions he had purchased in town just before the Ghost Riders appeared.



THEM HOMBRES AINT LYIN' - I SAW 'EM BOTH IN TOWN. THEY AINT EVEN DRESSED LIKE THE BANDITS.

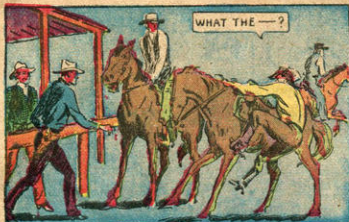
On the way back to town Dude backed up the alibis of the cowhands. He knew they had been employed at the Bar Y for several weeks and that they had come to town with their pay checks. He personally had observed them ride away before the band of killers had appeared.



WELL - LOOKS LIKE THE SKUNKS GOT CLEAN AWAY. LUCKY THING THE LOOT WAS COUNTERFIT MONEY.

PHONY MONEY?

Trent had to confess that he was licked. The Ghost Riders had scored a complete triumph. The three men picked up in the desert couldn't be the masked bandits. Their alibis were sound and they possessed neither guns nor loot. Then Trent sprang a surprise. He announced that the money taken was counterfeit.



The cowhands, free at Trent's orders, were in a hurry to get away. Trent and Dude followed them to the street. The old desert rat had slipped away quietly as soon as Trent consented to his release. One of the now leering cowhands vaulted into the saddle. There was a snap as leather broke and the cowboy hit the dust with his saddle on top of him.



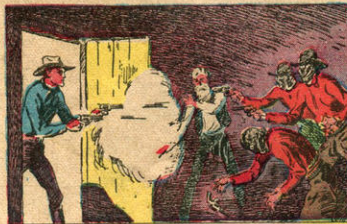
As the puncher fell, Trent sprang forward. He lifted the blanket and the saddle from the fallen man and whipped the blanket open. Instantly the second cowhand, in a voice that was venom-laden, growled a warning to his companion.



The cowhand who was mounted suddenly flashed an ugly looking knife, taken from a sleeve holster. With the quick movements of a rattler, he drew the blade back to hurl it. But Trent was too fast. His six-gun appeared as if out of thin air. With a crashing roar the cowboy's knife hand was shattered.



From a distance the old desert rat heard the shot and saw most of the gun play. With an oath he laid the whip hard and sent his mount flying across the town. He no longer looked like a half-witted desert wanderer. His mild blue eyes were now pools of hate and his lips were drawn back in a snarl.

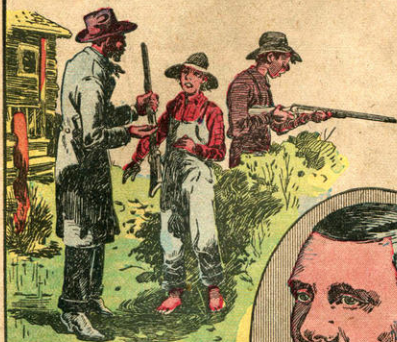


Trent galloped off in wild pursuit. The desert rat turned into an old abandoned shack and Trent streaked after him. But when he leaped through the door he met four men, armed and masked. Trent's guns blazed. The desert rat howled in pain and gripped his shoulder. A Ghost Rider fell with one of Trent's slugs in his chest.

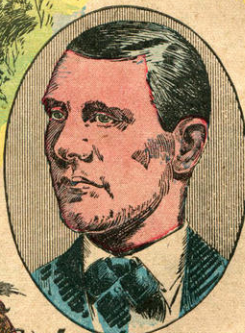


"There were six Ghost Riders," Trent explained. "After the stickup, the two cowhands and the desert rat changed places with the gunmen. They wore the outfits of the Riders, but took 'em off in the desert, separated and didn't care if the posse got 'em. Every time there was a stickup three hombres were found outside of town. That's how I tumbled. When I said the money was no good, I figured they'd try to reach their pals."

JESSE JAMES



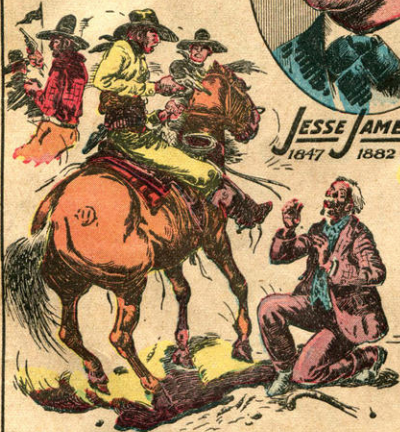
DR. SAMUELS, STEPPATHER OF JESSE AND FRANK JAMES, PRESENTED EACH OF THEM WITH A SHOTGUN—



JESSE JAMES
1847 1882



JESSE'S MOTHER PLAYED A LARGE PART IN HIS EARLIER CRIMES— SHE ACTUALLY ENCOURAGED HIM TO STEAL AND KILL, WHICH HE LEARNED TO DO WITH SKILL AND DARING.



CHARLES QUINTRELL'S GANG WHICH INCLUDED JESSE AND FRANK JAMES, RODE INTO LAWRENCE, KANSAS, AND KILLED EVERY MALE CITIZEN IN SIGHT, SHOWING NO PITY FOR CRIPPLES OR OLD MEN—



JESSE JAMES WAS SHOT AND KILLED BY ROBERT FORD, AS CHARLEY FORD, HIS BROTHER, STOOD BY. THE FORDS COLLECTED \$30,000 REWARD WHICH WAS SPENT IN RIOTOUS LIVING—

Trouble hunters



YOU WON THE RODEO - BUT WAIT, THERE'S A BASEBALL GAME TO PLAY YET.



WHAT'S THIS HERE BASEBALL, WOOGY?

SAW IT ONCE IN A MOVIN' PITCHER. YUH CHASE A BALL.



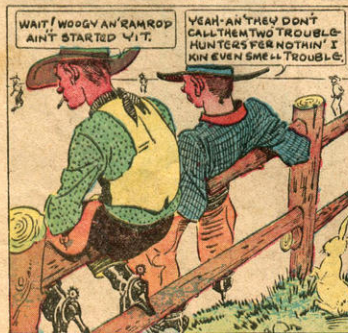
DANGED EFFEN I COULD CUT ME A CLUB AS NICE AS THIS. WHAT DO I USE IT FOR?

COULDN'T NO WISE FAN A SIX SHOOTER WITH THIS HERE GLOVE ON.



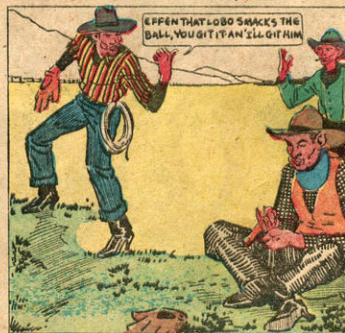
STRIKE THREE AND VORE OUT!

COURSE HE'S OUT. HE SHORE AINT INSIDE

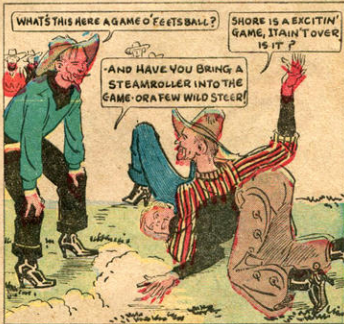
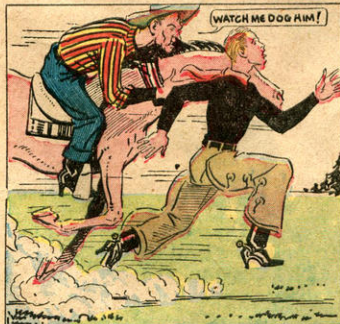
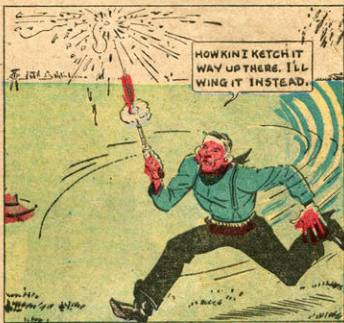
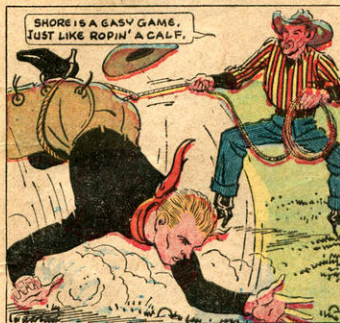


WAIT! WOOGY AN' RAMROD AINT STARTED YET.

YEAH - AN' THEY DONT CALL THEM TWO TROUBLE HUNTERS FER NOTHIN' I KIN EVEN SNEEL TROUBLE.



EFFEN THAT LOBO SHACKS THE BALL, YOUGHITAN I'LL GIT HIM



The Winnah

I BELIEVE, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE CLEARLY EXPLAINED THE RULES

SURE

YEAH

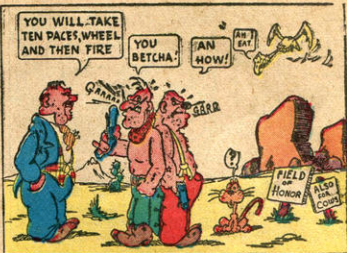


YOU WILL TAKE TEN PACES, WHEEL AND THEN FIRE

YOU BETCHA

AN HOW!

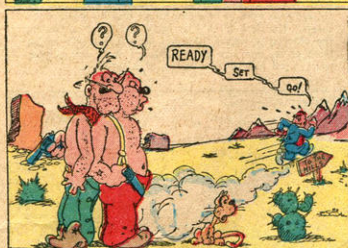
HE EAT!



READY

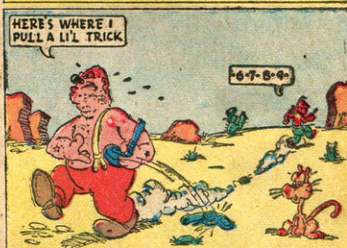
SET

GO!



HERE'S WHERE I PULL A LI'L TRICK

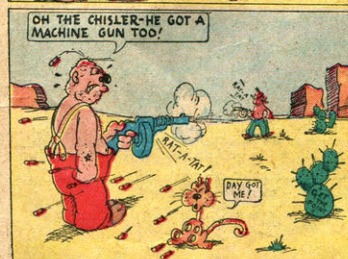
6-7-8-9-



OH THE CHISLER-HE GOT A MACHINE GUN TOO!

RAT-A-TAT!

DAY GOT ME!



IT WAS A GREAT FIGHT FOLKS AND I'M HAPPY TO PRESENT THE WINNER, MURDEROUS M-GURK WHO HAS JUST WON THE TITLE OF PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE.

OH!

SWISS CHEESE

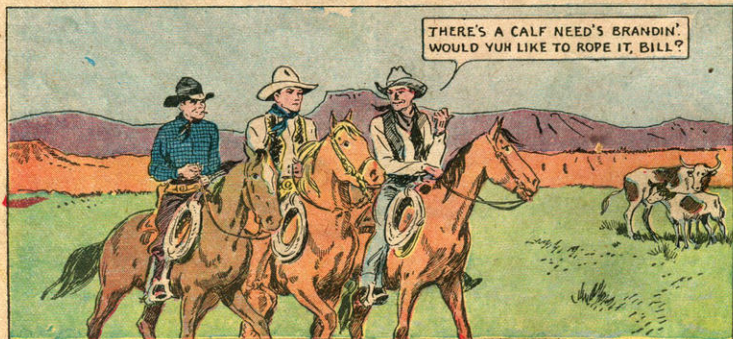
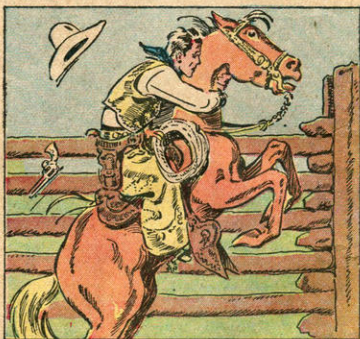
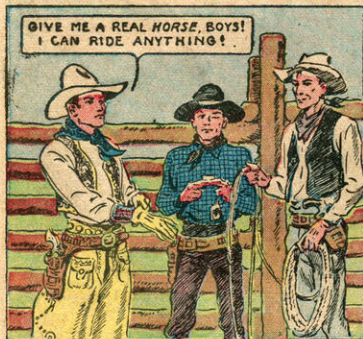
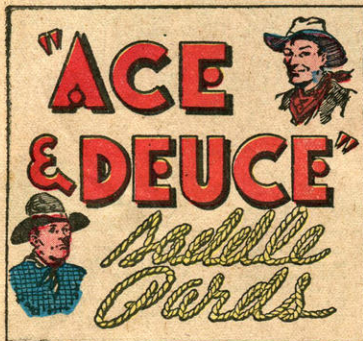


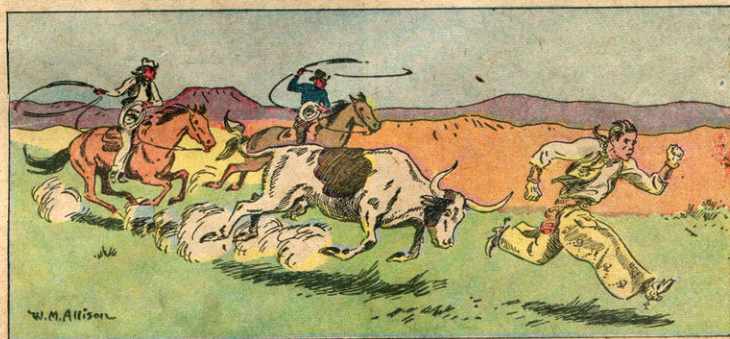
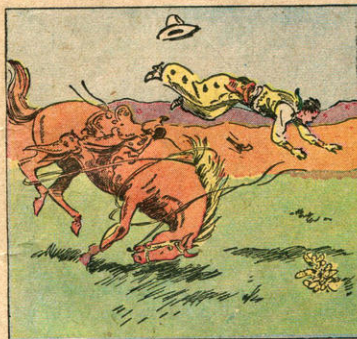
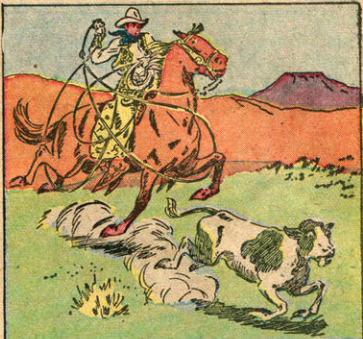
CURTISS

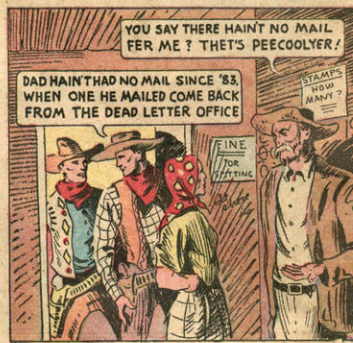
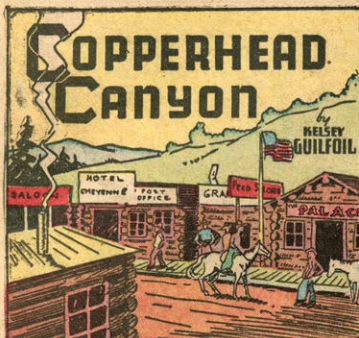
Butterfinger

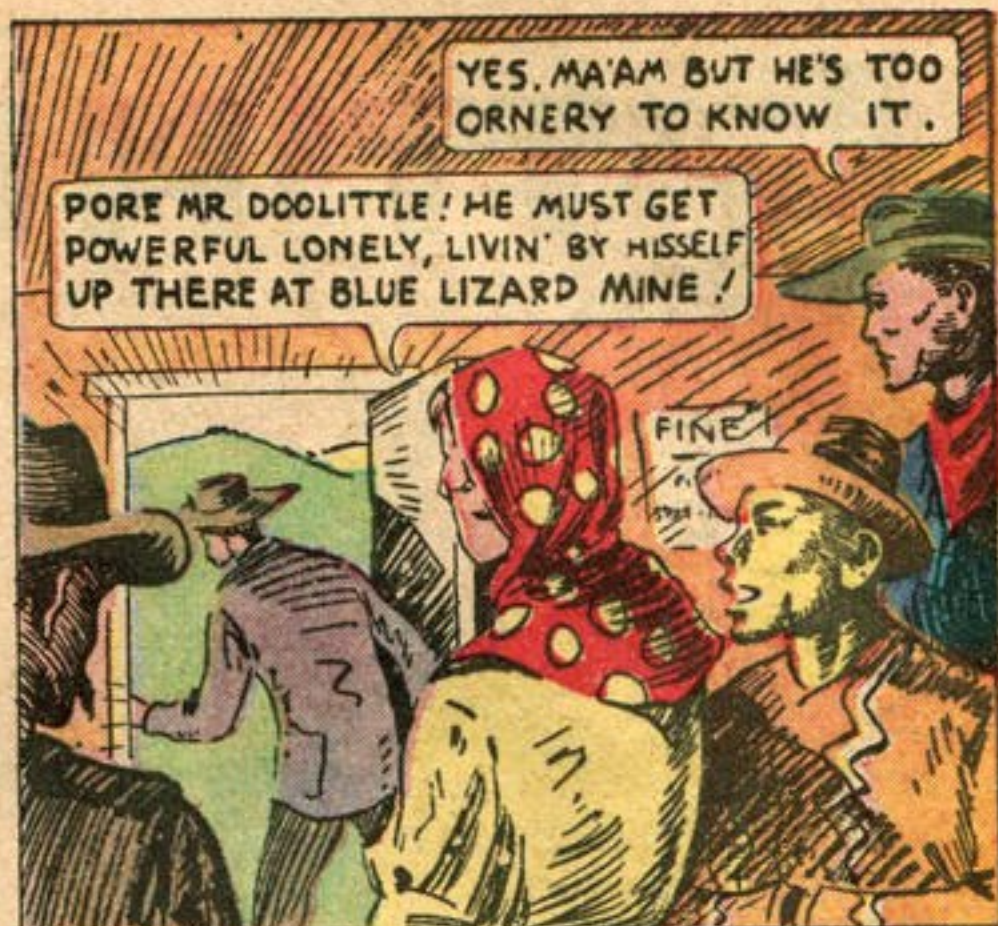
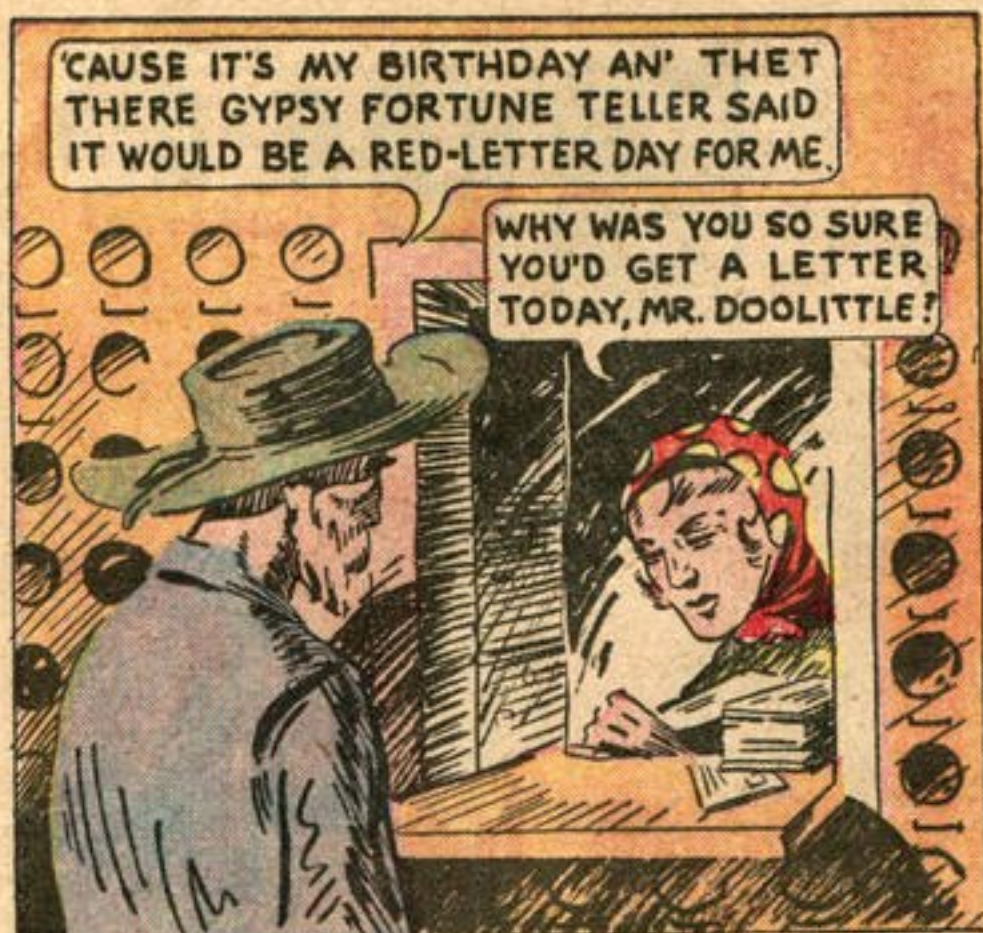
CURTISS CANDY COMPANY - OTTO SCHNERING PRES

DELICIOUS • ENERGIZING CANDY
RICH IN DEXTROSE The Sugar You Need for ENERGY!

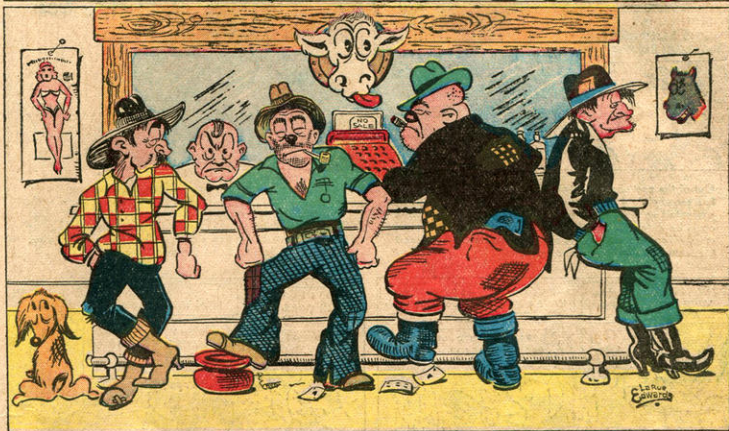




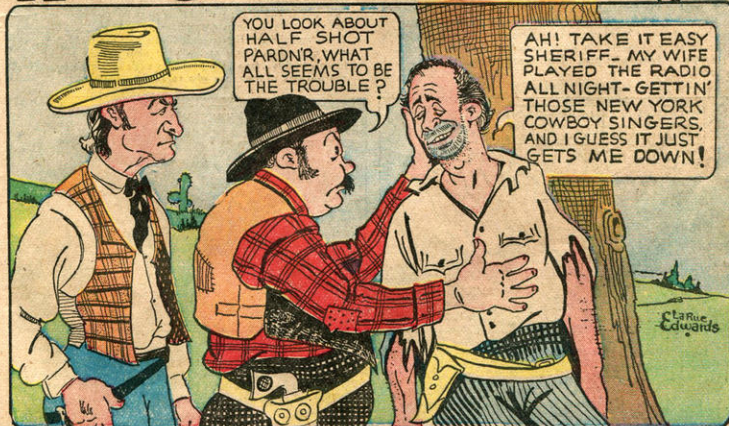




Waitin' for a SUCKER



Home on the Range



VALLEY OF LIVING DEATH

THE SEÑOR IS THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST, MONTGOMERY BARNARD?

HE WHO CAN DISCOVER GOLD VEINS WITH HIS NEW INSTRUMENT?

WHY YES, GENTLEMEN, BUT I AM ALREADY ENGAGED



THE SEÑOR IS NOT TOO BUSY TO HELP A POOR MAN SI?

YOU SHALL BE WELL PAID, AMIGO, BUT IF YOU RESIST, WE SHALL KILL YOU.

DON'T HURT ME! I'LL HELP YOU!



They asked him few questions before they begged his services. Barnard refused, pleading that he had too many other engagements. Angriely the Mexicans whipped out weapons. One, with a dagger in his hand, pressed the point against Barnard's throat. He had a choice of following their orders or being murdered. Barnard agreed to help.

DO NOT FEAR, AMIGO! ALL YOUR INSTRUMENTS ARE SAFE

AND YOU WILL NOT BE LONELY. WE HAVE OTHER GRINGOS WORKING FOR US

BUT I PROMISED TO WORK FOR ANOTHER COMPANY



WHAT IN HEAVENS NAME DOES THAT MEAN?

THAT—AH! IT'S SAD! HE WAS ONE OF OUR MEN WHO REFUSED TO WORK.

YOU WILL OBSERVE CLOSELY, SEÑOR, AN EXAMPLE

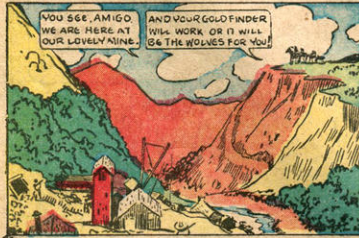


Through green, fertile valleys and over snow capped mountain ranges, the Mexicans led their prisoner, travelling at top speed until their ponies gasped for air in the rarefied mountain atmosphere. They rounded a bend in the trail and Barnard gasped his horror at the sight of a human skeleton loosely tied to a tree. The Mexicans explained, casually, that this was one of their men who refused to work.

Forced at the point of a knife and pistol, Barnard rode out of town. The Mexicans kept close to him and he was given no chance to shout his predicament. Once outside the city he was made a prisoner. His wrists were lashed behind him and a rope held him to his pony. The Mexicans laughed at his objections.

YOU SEE, AMIGO, WE ARE HERE AT OUR LOVELY MINE.

AND YOUR GOLD FINDER WILL WORK OR IT WILL BE THE WOLVES FOR YOU



THIS ONE HE IS SOFT

BUT HE WILL SQUEAL LIKE A PIG



Barnard was hauled off his horse, his wrists untied and two guards shoved the sharp tips of their bayonets into his side. He was pushed along to the mine entrance while his captors withdrew to talk over his fate. Barnard's eyes lost some of their fear. Now they roved about, taking in each detail of the place.

Then, over the ridge of a mountain, they came upon a sight that made Barnard hold his breath. Below them lay the mine. Barnard quickly grasped the meaning of the buildings. One, a low shed, was the quarters of the workers. The other, more substantial, was the office and residence of the Mexicans who operated the mine.



Barnard was led to the long shack. A miserable looking peon appeared with a dish of coarse food. There was nothing to drink and the food was bad. The peon looked about apprehensively before he bent down to whisper a strange message in Barnard's ear. Barnard realized then that he was not the only American in the hands of these men.



The guards rushed at the peon with guns inverted. The gun came down in murderous curves. The weakened peon pitched to the floor. The guards kicked him cruelly in the ribs. From their terse warning, Barnard gathered that the men who worked in the mines were required to keep silent and that talking was punished by a stroke of a rifle butt.



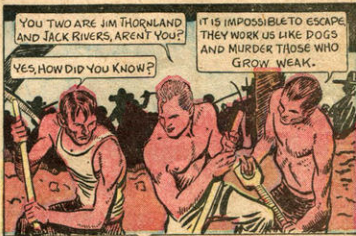
This was more than Barnard could stand. He removed his glasses and handed them to the amazed guard. Automatically the guard reached for them, his eyes covetous, for the glasses might be worth a peseta. For the moment his gun was not at a ready angle and the second guard was occupied with his torture of the peon.



Barnard's right fist flashed. It careened upward and cracked with mighty force against the guard's chin. He was lifted from his feet and flung clear across the room to slump unconsciously against the wall. But Barnard's position was hopeless. He now faced a rifle in the hands of the second murderous guard, eager to avenge the blow against his friend.



He was quickly subdued with the bayonet. The shouts of the guard brought other men into the building. The two Mexicans who controlled this weird camp, delivered a grim sentence. They decreed that he must go into the mines and work like a slave until they were ready for him to exhibit his gold locating machine.



In the mine Barnard found two Americans. He knew them, for prominent mine engineers, missing for weeks. They were ravaged by starvation and they told a gruesome tale of torture. They and the kidnapped Mexicans were forced under the lash, to dig out ore. If they fell ill or weakened, they were whipped and thrown to the wolves that infested the mountain. There was no hope and no escape from their living death.

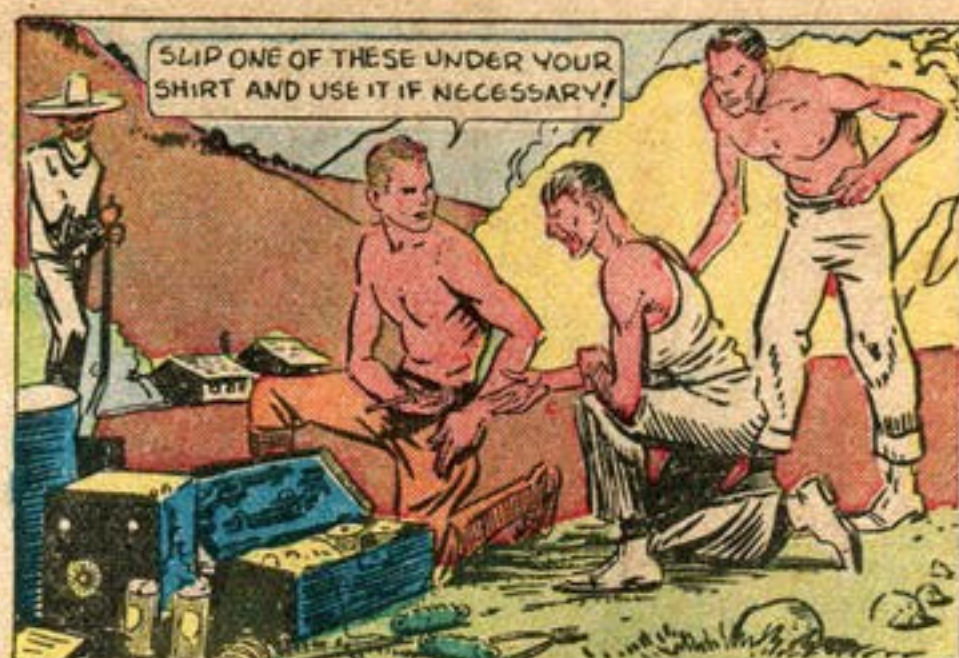


NOW YOU WILL SHOW US WHERE THE RICH VEIN IS - YOU AND YOUR FAMOUS MACHINE!

SUCCEED AND YOU GO FREE, FAIL AND YOU DIE - LIKE THE REST OF THE DIGS!

I'LL NEED HELP FROM THESE AMERICAN ENGINEERS.

For hours Barnard toiled away, digging at the hard dirt and getting out dribbles of pay dirt. The guards permitted no further conversation between the Americans. The two Mexican mine owners entered and Barnard was ordered to assemble his gold locating apparatus. Cagily he requested the help of the two American engineers.



SLIP ONE OF THESE UNDER YOUR SHIRT AND USE IT IF NECESSARY!

The mine owners agreed and the two Americans were ordered to help Barnard. His apparatus was given back to him and the mine owners and guards stood about, watching. Barnard summoned the engineers close, opened a section of the apparatus and revealed heavy guns lining the interior. Each man took one and covertly slipped it beneath his clothing.



THERE ARE A DOZEN GUARDS. WE CAN'T FIGHT THEM ALL!

AT ANY RATE WE'LL TAKE SOME OF THE DEVILS WITH US!

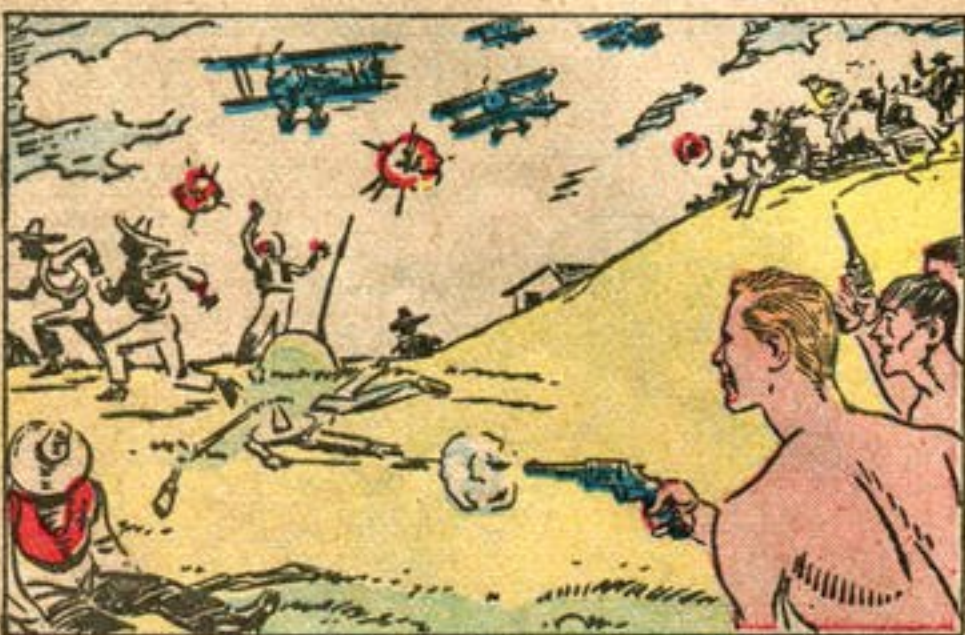
DON'T START ANYTHING YET HELP ME SET UP THIS APPARATUS!

But the odds were strongly against them. There were a dozen armed guards about the mine and they were ready to shoot at the first sign of trouble. No help could come from the other imprisoned men. They were far too weak. Thornland and Rivers knew this but there was no hesitation on their part. They were ready to die fighting but Barnard urged them to wait.

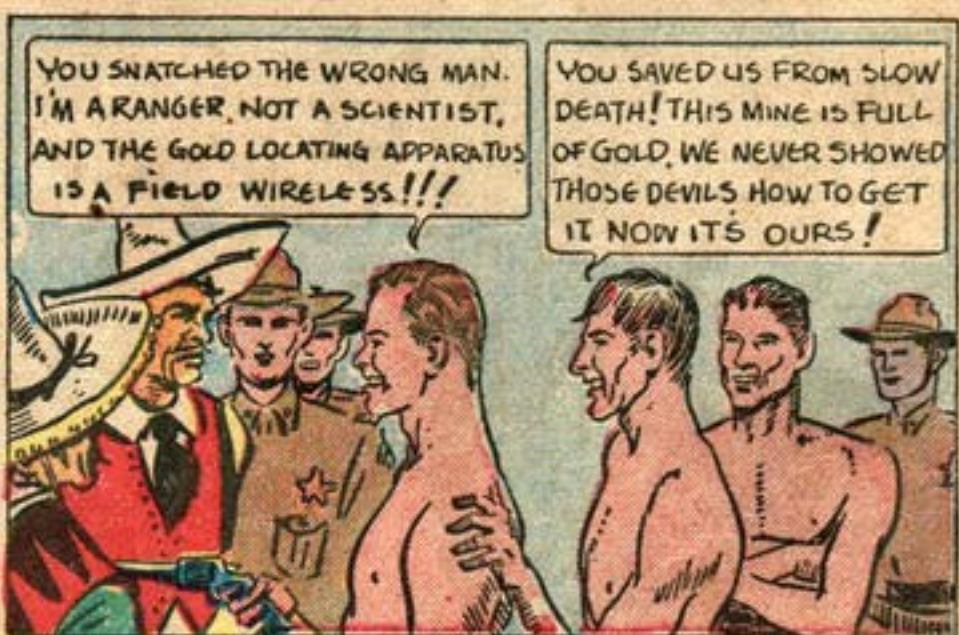


THIS IS THE BEST GOLD LOCATING DEVICE THESE GREASERS EVER SAW.

Under the watchful eyes of the Mexicans, Barnard set up his complicated apparatus. He connected batteries to systems of wiring and finally he set up the steel pole and strung a wire from it. He knelt beside the controls and pressed a key. Sharp buzzes came from the instrument and the Mexicans smiled in anticipation of the gold that would be found.



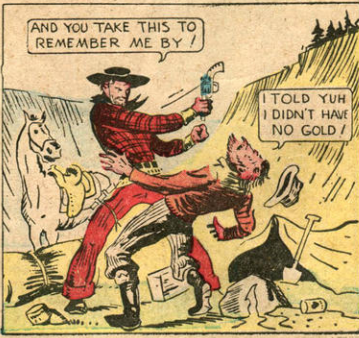
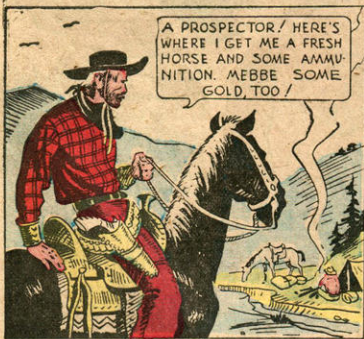
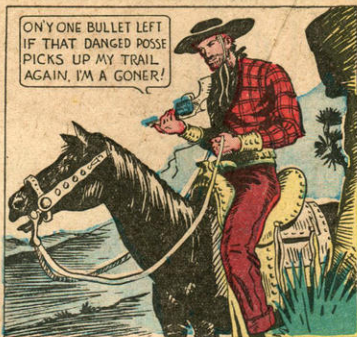
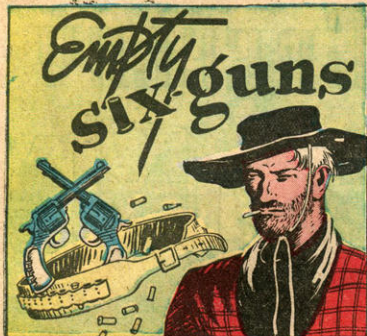
For hours Barnard and the engineers toiled over the apparatus while it crackled and sputtered. Impatiently the mine owners waited, snarling curses and giving voice to dire threats. Then things happened. Out of the sky came four fighting planes with machine guns spitting death. Over the ridge a horde of Texas Rangers poured down into the valley.

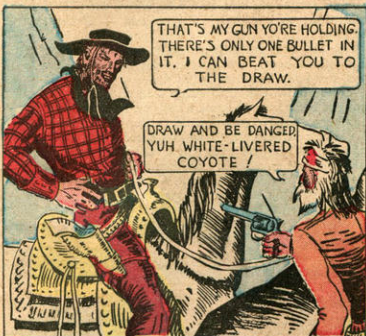
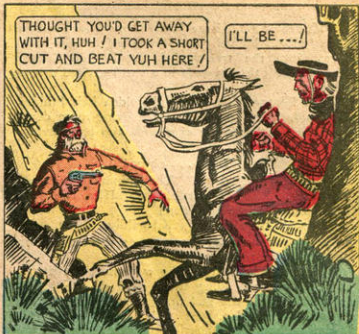


YOU SNATCHED THE WRONG MAN. I'M A RANGER, NOT A SCIENTIST, AND THE GOLD LOCATING APPARATUS IS A FIELD WIRELESS!!!

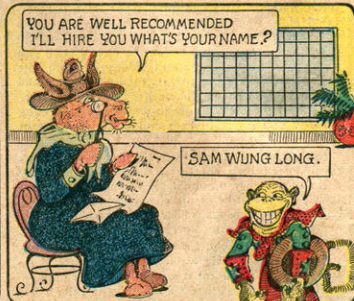
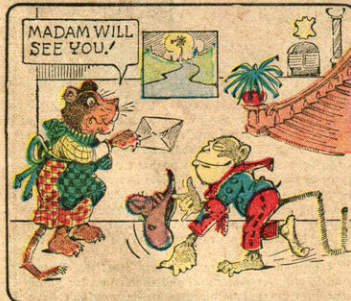
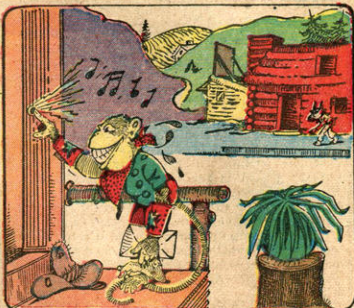
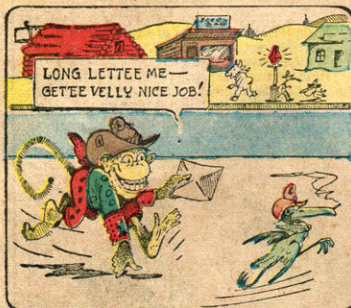
YOU SAVED US FROM SLOW DEATH! THIS MINE IS FULL OF GOLD. WE NEVER SHOWED THOSE DEVILS HOW TO GET IT NOW IT'S OURS!

Whipping out their concealed guns, the three Americans shattered the defense of the Mexicans. The Rangers corralled all of them and the fight was quickly over. Then Barnard revealed that he was a Texas Ranger and his apparatus a wireless set. He had been working on the disappearance of the engineers and had risked his own life to save them.

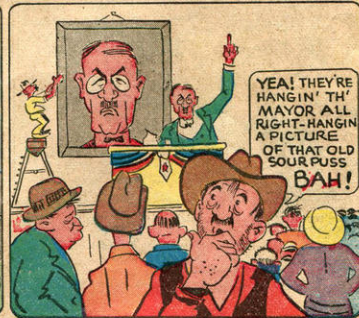
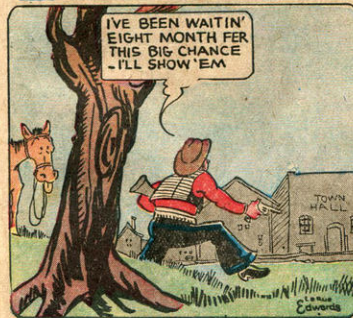
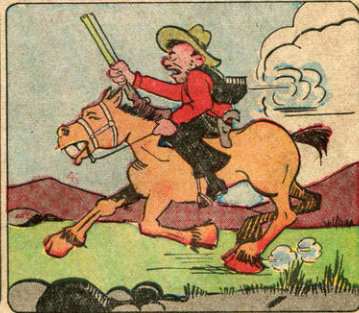
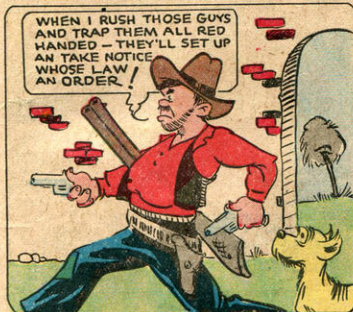
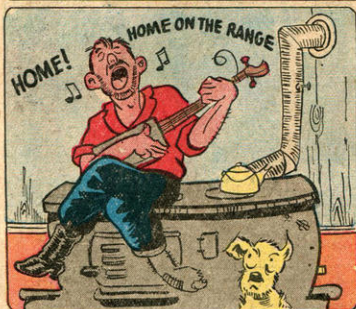




DAFFY DILLS



WRONG AGAIN

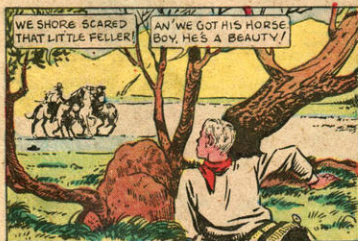




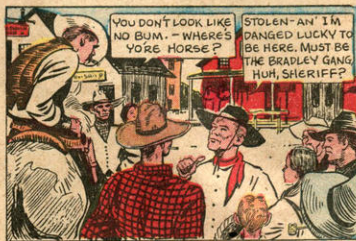
From over the skyline of the Apache Range came a cowboy light hearted and care free. He rode a pure white Arabian steed and there seemed to be a close intimacy between the man and the beast. Pee Wee Thomas was no Hercules in size. In fact, he was no more than five feet two.



But there was a quality about Pee Wee's eyes and mouth that disproved the gay manner in which he rode. He was on the alert every second. And when the afternoon sun glinted on a rifle barrel, Pee Wee ducked. The bullet whipped off his hat. Like an eel he slipped out of the saddle and scurried for cover.



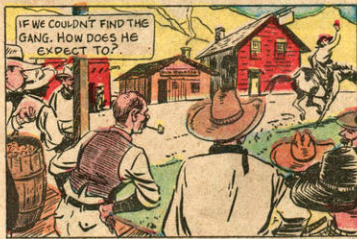
Pee Wee reached the safety of thick underbrush and flattened himself against the ground. In one hand he gripped his six-shooter, but he held his fire. Two men rode down, swinging their ropes. Whitey was quickly captured and Pee Wee smiled when both men praised his mount. Soon they vanished over the rim of the mountain.



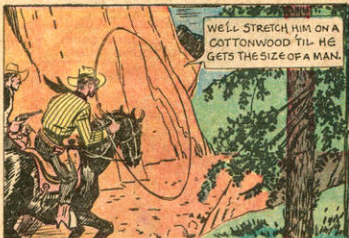
Pee Wee walked for hours until he sighted the little town of Sunfull. A cowboy, afoot, was nothing less than a freak in this land of hard riding men. The sheriff came forth to greet him. Pee Wee explained that his horse had been stolen and mentioned the Bradley gang, outlaws sought by a half dozen states.



A group of cowboys quickly gathered and listened to Pee Wee's tale. They agreed that it must have been the Bradley gang, for the Bradley brothers, who headed the bandits, coveted every white horse they saw. The gang had a hide-away that never had been located. Every inch of the hills had been scoured by posses and rangers without results.

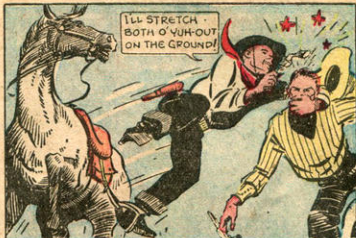


Pee Wee borrowed a horse and vowed he wouldn't return until he had cornered the Bradley gang. As he rode away the cowboys shook their heads. Pee Wee's puny size made his chances against this band of killers look about the same as a rabbit's against a coyote. Two of the cowboys smiled knowingly as they made for their ponies.



WE'LL STRETCH HIM ON A COTTONWOOD TIL HE GETS THE SIZE OF A MAN.

Pee Wee kept all his senses alert. He knew that the Bradley gang kept spies in every cowtown and that menace would lurk behind every rock and clump of sagebrush. The attack came openly, however, the spies confident of their own prowess in the face of Pee Wee's size. One was swinging his rope.



I'LL STRETCH BOTH O' YUH-OUT ON THE GROUND!

Pee Wee wheeled his horse and charged straight back at the two spies. Flustered by this unexpected move, they tried to avoid a head-on collision. Pee Wee's gun butt lashed out and one man slid off his saddle and landed on the ground. Before the other could use his gun, Pee Wee moved in close.



IT'S SPEED WHAT COUNTS, YOU HOMBRES, NOT SIZE. A BULL-POD AIN'T BIG, BUT HE CAN SHORE FIGHT.

Inside of two minutes the fight was over. The spies awoke with terrific headaches to find themselves tightly lashed to a tree. Pee Wee knew how to tie a man. With a grin he reminded both men that size wasn't everything. He mounted, waved them a farewell and promised that the sheriff would soon come to untie them.



THEY SHORE CAME THIS WAY, BUT THERE AIN'T NO HIDEOUT IN THESE HILLS.

For two hours Pee Wee rode hard. He reached the spot where he had been ambushed, made a brief study of the tracks left by the bandits and vaulted into his saddle again, not to stop until he had reached a small stream. There he studied the ground once more before he high-tailed it for the hills.



I BETTER DO THIS QUIET LIKE. IF I SLING LEAD, THEY'LL HEAR ME.

Grimly Pee Wee clung to the trail until he surmounted a crest and looked down at a lone cowboy standing near a narrow slit in the side of the mountain. The man's rifle betrayed him as a guard. Pee Wee dropped behind a boulder and drew a bead on the man. Then he changed his mind and put his gun away.



NO WONDER THEY COULDN'T FIND THE HIDEOUT. IT'S A CAVE-A BIG ONE!

The guard heard nothing until Pee Wee slid down to land directly on him. Pee Wee's gun rose and fell once. He quickly roped the guard and gagged him. Then, with drawn gun, he stepped into the narrow passageway to the cave. Once he bent down and studied the ground. He nodded in satisfaction at what he saw.

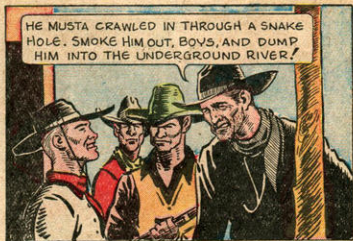


LOOK AT THE RUNT!

HOW'D HE FIND THIS CAVE?

LET'S TAKE HIM TO SEE BRADLEY.

But that satisfaction was short lived. Four of the bandit gang were on their way out. Pee Wee walked straight in to their hands. He knew that he couldn't fight his way clear, so he surrendered promptly. He knew his life was running short, for Bradley hardly would allow him to live much longer. Pee Wee knew too much already.



HE MUSTA CRAWLED IN THROUGH A SNAKE HOLE. SMOKE HIM OUT, BOYS, AND DUMP HIM INTO THE UNDERGROUND RIVER!

Rough hands dragged Pee Wee deeper into the cave. He passed a room where horses were corralled and he saw his snow-white mount. Immediately thereafter he faced Bradley, the dreaded bandit. His trial was swift. Bradley condemned him to death and ordered that his body be hurled into an underground river, where it never would be found.



YOU ASKED FOR IT NEXT TIME SEARCH A MAN RIGHT. I GOT A RUNT SIZED GUN STRAPPED TO MY ARM.

Pee Wee was led to the brink of the dark river. One guard drew his gun. Pee Wee suddenly flicked his right wrist. There was an explosion and the executioner toppled to the floor of the cave. The second man surrendered. Pee Wee had a small gun strapped to his forearm and fired by means of a thin bit of strong thread.



NOW LET'S SEE THEM POLECATS GET OUT! COME ON, WHITEY, OLD HOSS.

Carefully Pee Wee slipped back through the cave, avoiding the part where Bradley and his men made their headquarters. He reached the corral, stampeded the horses out of the cave and rode out himself on the back of his own horse. He paused at the entrance of the cave to fire a few shots as a warning.



HOLD IT! YUH COVOTES, THE SHERIFF IS COMIN. I TALKED PRIVATE TO HIM BEFORE I STARTED.

Bradley and his gang surrendered under the muzzles of the posse's weapons. Pözzled, the sheriff asked Pee Wee for an explanation. The undersized fighter admitted he was a Texas Ranger assigned to run down Bradley. Knowing the outlaw's penchant for white horses he had had Whitey shod with shoes that would blaze a trail to the hideout after Bradley's men had stolen her.



I HEARD BRADLEY LIKED WHITE HORSES SO I FIXED UP WHITEY'S SHOES SO SHED LEAVE A TRAIL PLUMP TO THE HIDEOUT AFTER THEY STOLE HER, ME? I'M A TEXAS RANGER, SHERIFF, EVEN IF I AM A RUNT.

Pee Wee took up a position behind a boulder, trained his rifle on the cave and stopped with lead those who tried to escape. Bradley and his men were trapped like rats. Pee Wee yelled the encouraging news that the sheriff had a posse and were on the way.

Dude McSTUDE



HERE'S JES' THE ANIMULE FER YA TENDERFOOT. HE'S GENTLE AS A KITTEN WE CALL HIM T.N.T.

THAT'S FINE, ON ACCOUNT OF I NEVER RODE A HORSE BEFORE

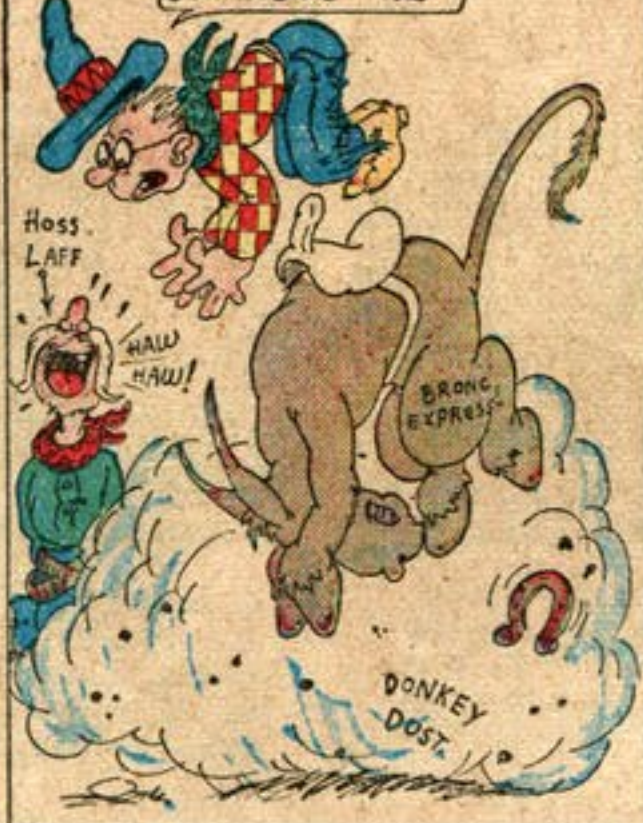


HAW! THAT MAKES YOU EVEN! T.N.T. AINT NEVER BEEN RODE BEFORE.

OH-H-H 'MY GOODNESS!



OW-WWW--GRACIOUS ME!



WOT DID YA GET OFF'N T.N.T. FOR, DUDE? DONCHA WANNA RIDE NO MORE?

I DIDN'T GET OFF - THE HORSE BUCKED!



HECK, HE DIDN'T BUCK HE JUST COUGHED?



BIG MONEY! ASSEMBLING MEAD'S NEW Portable KI-YAK

In a few Hours
AT HOME!



Use with Paddle, Oars, Sail or Outboard!

Assemble your own Mead Ki-Yak in a few hours at home from cut-to-fit construction kit - and save nearly half! 4 wonderful models. Take yours anywhere by hand, car, for paddling, sailing, rowing, outboarding, touring, fishing, hunting, camping, safe, leak-proof, seaworthy, strong as giants!



OK-2, the Outboard Ki-Yak Convertible to Sail or Rowboat



Wonderful fun for all the family. Easy to assemble.



Mead Ki-Yaks weigh 20 lbs. up to 60 lbs.

Patented Construction! Weigh as little as 20 lbs. Mead's patented, exclusive, patented aluminum-ribbed, cut-to-fit construction kit guarantees successful, quick assembly. Also earn money building to sell to others. Thousands bought, built successfully. Don't miss out on this big fun. Send now for Mead's big "picture" circular.



PRICED LOW!
and PAY AS YOU BUILD

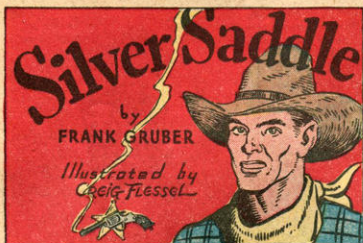
\$6 PADDLE GIVEN

with your CK-Ki-Yak - if you hurry!

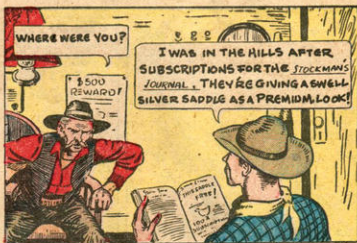
Mead Ki-Yaks are unsurpassed, yet cost so little. Mail coupon below for amazing Low Introductory Prices. Giant Circular and \$6.00 Gift Paddle Offer. Hurry before prices go up!



Mail Coupon NOW!
Gentlemen, I am enclosing 10c as handling, postage charge. Please rush me your New Colored Circular showing ALL Mead Ki-Yak models, Low Introductory Prices and \$6 Gift Paddle Offer. (Please Print Plainly.)
NAME _____
STREET & NO. _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
RUSH ME WITH 10c TO:
MEAD GLIDERS
155 MARKET ST. Dept. B-36 CHICAGO, ILL.



Young Deputy Sheriff Charlie Meeker is in a tough spot. Before leaving Sagetown the day before to attend to some business in a neighboring town, Sheriff Link Loomis had instructed Charlie to stick close to town. Charlie had disobeyed, had been away all day. While he was away the bank had been held up.



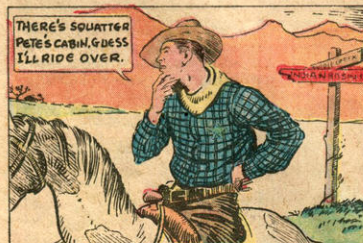
Charlie, knowing that the sheriff is smarting over the criticism of the townsfolk, that the sheriff's offices had been vacant while the bank was being robbed, tells the truth, that he had left Sagetown the day before, because he had been trying to get the silver mounted saddle, as a premium for obtaining 100 subscriptions to the "Stockman's Journal."



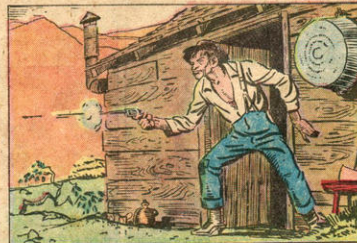
The sheriff warns Charlie that if he ever disobeys him again, or wastes the time for which the county is paying, he'll take away Charlie's star. Then he orders Charlie to ride to "Injun Basin" in the next county, to tell the sheriff there to be on the lookout for the bank bandit, believed to be heading that way.



Charlie, riding to "Injun Basin," thinks about the reward the bank has offered for the capture of the bandit. With it he could buy a fancy saddle, a silver mounted Stetson hat and have a little money left over to put away for the little cattle spread he hopes to buy in the future.



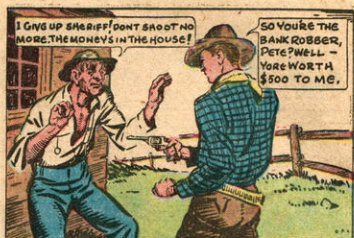
The ride to "Injun Basin" is a long one and the day is hot. About half way to his destination Charlie sees Squatter Pete's cabin and decides to ride over. It's still early in the day and a half hour wasted won't make any difference, because he plans to spend the night in "Injun Basin" and ride home the next day.



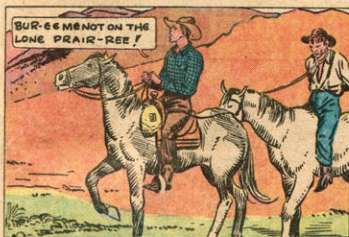
Charlie approaches the shack of Squatter Pete and the nest suddenly steps out of the cabin and opens fire with his six-gun. A bullet goes through his hat. Charlie is amazed. He's known Squatter Pete for a long time and while they haven't been friends they haven't been enemies, either.



No man could shoot at Charlie and get away with it. Scarcely has Squatter Pete fired at Charlie, than Charlie is off his horse and giving Pete as good as he sends, with interest. Charlie is one of the best gunmen in the county. He is purposely missing Pete, but shooting close enough to scare him.



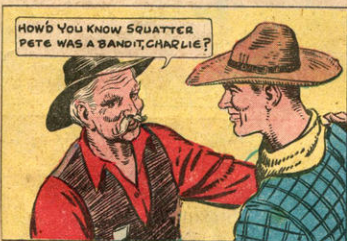
Squatter Pete, unable to hold up under Charlie's shooting, surrenders and confesses that he is the man who held up the Sagetown bank. The fact that his shack had been off the road and Charlie had turned in toward it had made Pete believe that Charlie knew he'd held-up the bank.



Squatter Pete brings out the loot from the Sagetown Bank and Charlie, tying the prisoner's arms and putting him on a horse, starts back. No reason now to ride to "Injun Basin" to tell the sheriff the bandit is heading that way. Charlie has captured him - and retrieved the bank's money.



A few hours ago Sheriff Loomis had bawled out Charlie Meeker and sent him on an errand to the next county. And here now is Charlie back in Sagetown, with the bank robber and the stolen money. The sheriff is dumfounded; delighted, too, for it'll put both of them back into the good graces of the citizens.



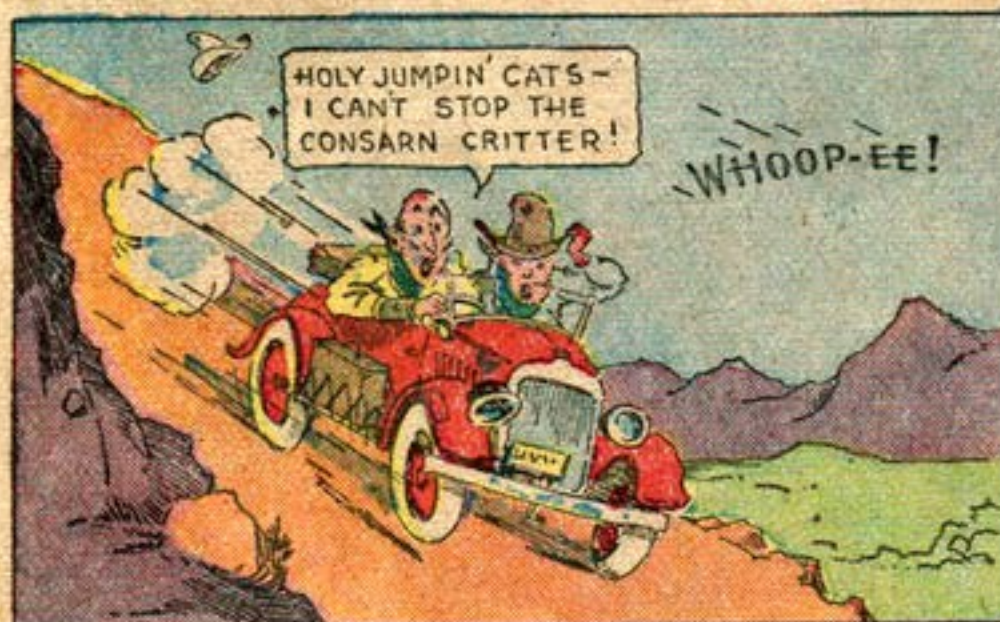
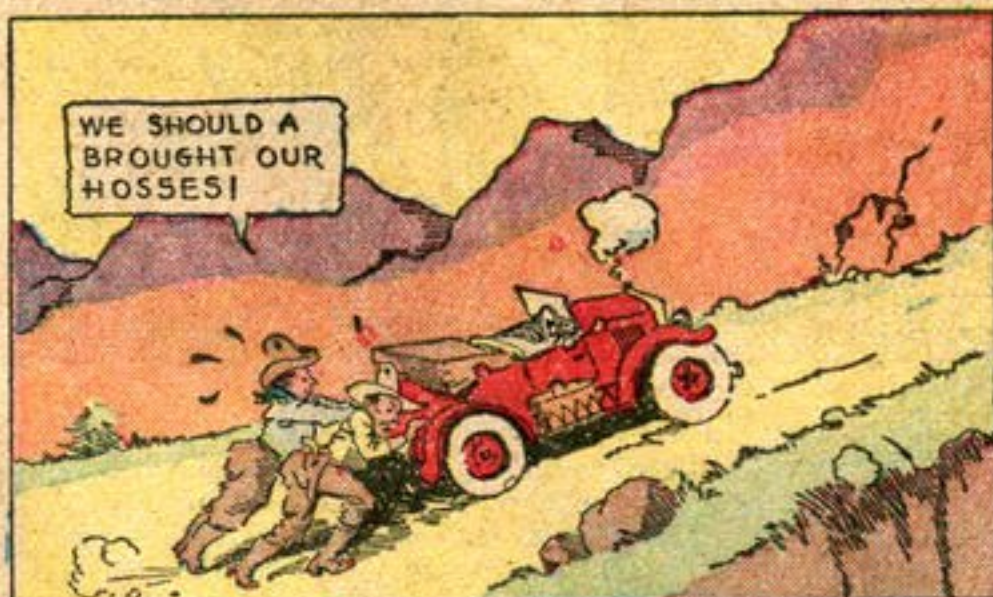
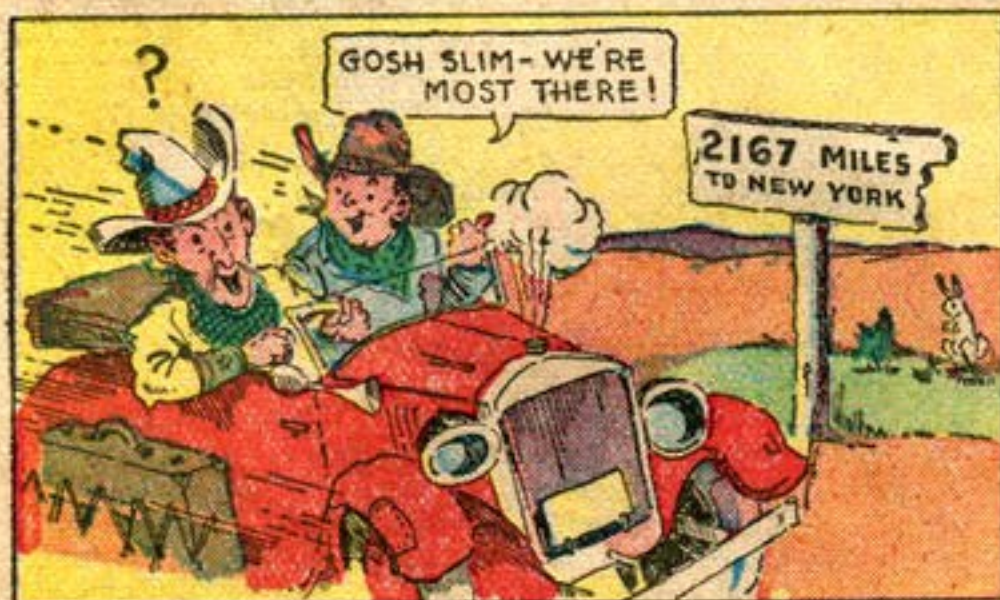
The sheriff praises Charlie for his fine work in capturing Squatter Pete, but asks how Charlie knew the squatter was the man who held-up the bank, for the bandit had been masked. The question is rather embarrassing to Charlie, but he decides to tell the sheriff the truth.

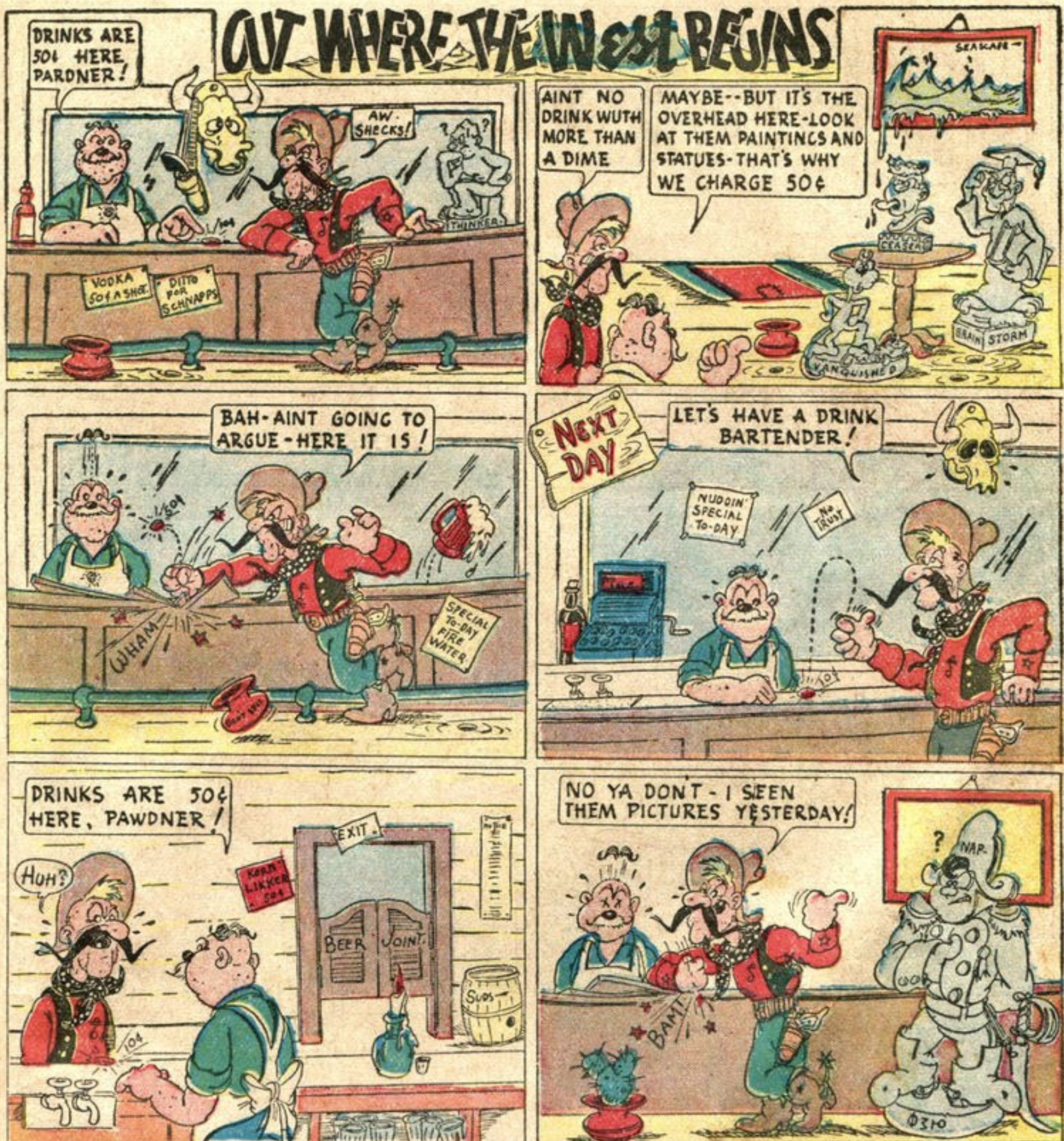


Charlie admits to the sheriff that his capture of Squatter Pete is really the result of disobeying the sheriff, who had warned him about wasting the county's time. Charlie, however, won't have to waste the county's time in the future, trying to win the silver saddle. With the reward money he can buy it outright.

Slim Pickens

ON THE SPUR
OF THE
MOMENT!



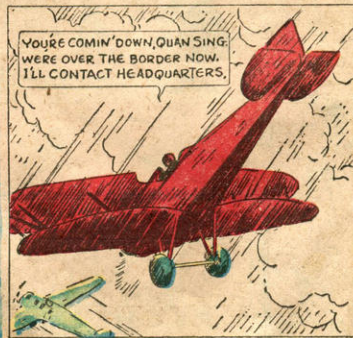
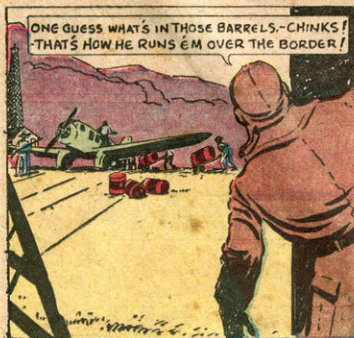
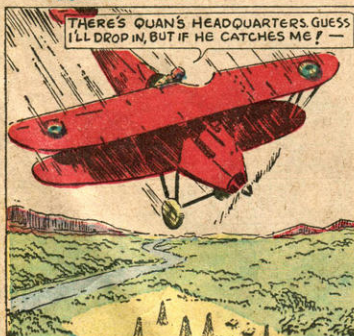


CURTISS ENERGIZING CANDIES

Baby Ruth

RICH IN DEXTROSE

AIR PATROL



QUAN SING IS OVER THE BORDER
WITH A LOAD OF CHINKS! SHALL
I BRING HIM DOWN?

NO, WAIT FOR
ME. I'LL BRING
A SQUADRON.

CAN'T WAIT FOR
THE SQUADRON.
QUAN WANTS A
FIGHT AND HE'S
GOING TO GET IT!

THAT GOT HIM! NOW TO
SEE THOSE CHINKS
DON'T GET AWAY.

YOU ARE A FOOL!
THERE IS NOTHING
BUT OIL IN
THOSE BARRELS.

OILY CHINKS IS WHAT
YOU MEAN. KEEP EM UP!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT
IT'S SERIOUS TO FORCE
A PLANE DOWN WITH-
OUT GOOD EVIDENCE.

THOSE BARRELS ARE FULL
OF CHINKS. QUAN WOULDN'T
USE A PLANE OTHERWISE.

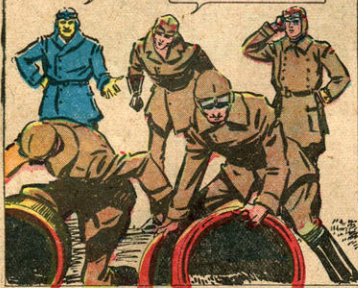
THOSE BARRELS ARE FULL
OF OIL SAMPLES. HAVE YOUR
MEN DUMP THEM OVER.

DID YOU SEE ANY
CHINKS CRAWL
INTO THE BARRELS?

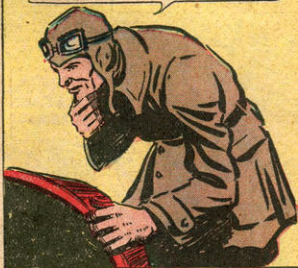
NO SIR!

SEE - I AM RIGHT.

THIS MEANS TROUBLE
FOR YOU, TED.



GUESS THIS WASHES ME UP, BUT WHY
SHOULD QUAN USE A PLANE TO CARRY
OIL? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

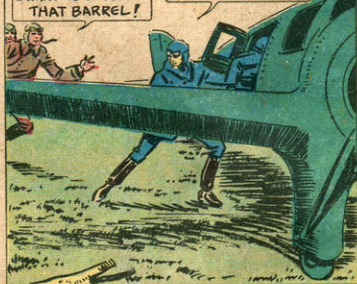


SORRY TED, IT MEANS COURT MARTIAL.
YOU SHOULD HAVE MADE SURE YOU WERE RIGHT.



NO YOU DON'T, QUAN.
I WANT TO LOOK IN
THAT BARREL!

GET INTO THE PLANE,
NUBAR. HURRY!



WHAT IS IT, TED?

SHOW YOU - IN A MINUTE!



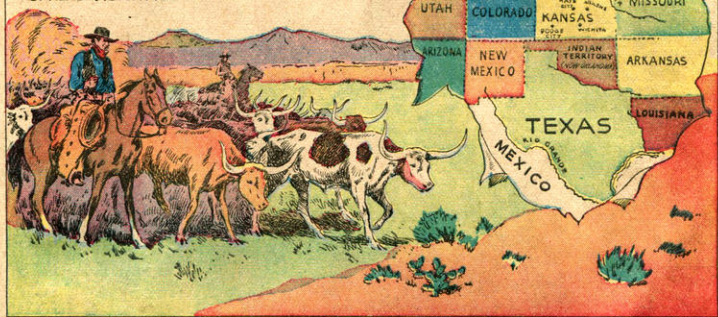
A FORTUNE IN STOLEN
GEMS, AND HE WAS TRYIN'
TO SMUGGLE THEM IN!

HE QUEERED HIMSELF WHEN
HE LOOKED OVER ALL THE
BARRELS AND TOOK ONLY
THIS ONE. I KNEW THERE
WAS SOMETHING IN IT.

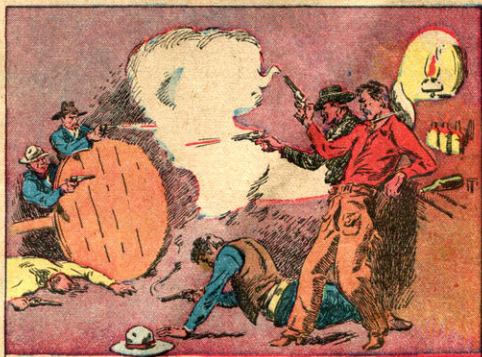


The WEST that WAS

AT THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR, TEXAS HAD PLENTY OF CATTLE BUT NO MARKET FOR THEM. TRAIL HERDS WERE DRIVEN NORTH THROUGH THE INDIAN TERRITORY (NOW OKLAHOMA) INTO KANSAS WHERE THE RAILROADS WERE REACHING OUT ACROSS THE PLAINS. FROM THERE THE CATTLE INDUSTRY SPREAD NORTH AND WEST—



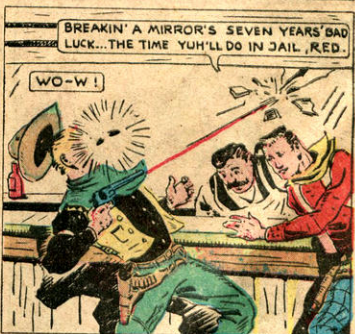
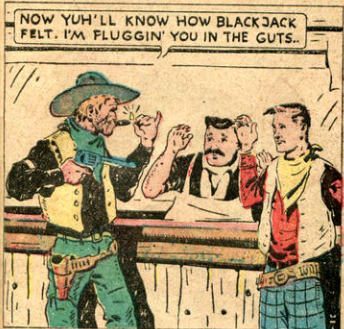
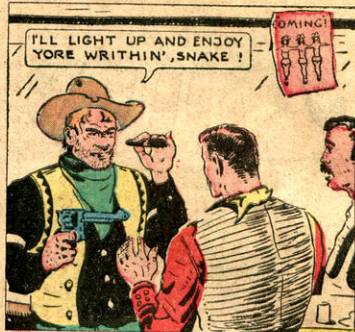
ARID PLAINS HAD TO BE CROSSED AND RIVERS SOMETIMES SWOLLEN BY FLOODS HAD TO BE FORDED. AT TIMES HOSTILE INDIANS TOOK TOLL OF THE HERDS BEFORE THEY REACHED THE END OF THE TRAIL AND WERE LOADED ONTO THE CATTLE CARS— AFTER THE LONG DRIVE THE TEXAS COWBOYS WERE EAGER FOR EXCITEMENT—

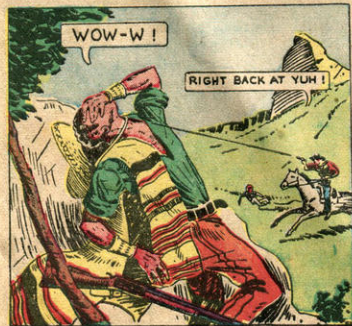
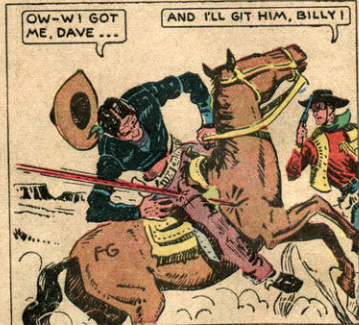
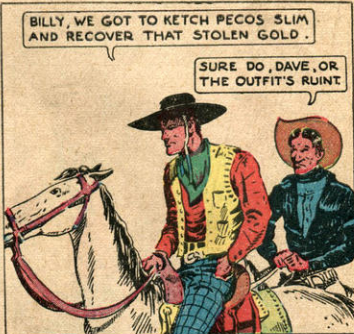


THE OLD TIME KANSAS "COWTOWNS", ABILENE, HAYS CITY, WICHITA AND DODGE CITY WERE AMONG THE WILDEST PLACES THE WEST EVER SAW—

The TOM CURRY JOKER

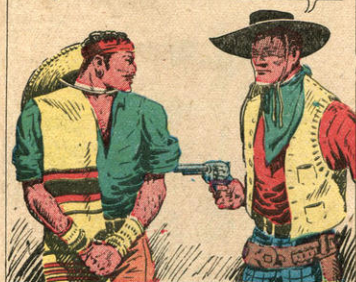






ZERE, BELOW, EET EES
PECOS SLIM'S CAMP.

OKAY, ONE FALSE
MOVE AND YUH
DIE. LET'S GO.



SI, SEÑOR.

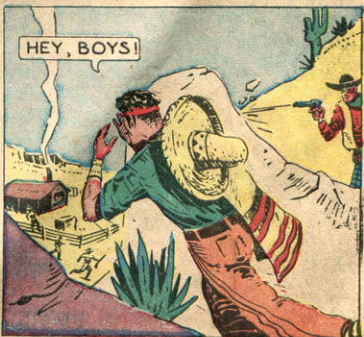
KEEP DOWN, YOU,
AND QUIET.

A-H-H!

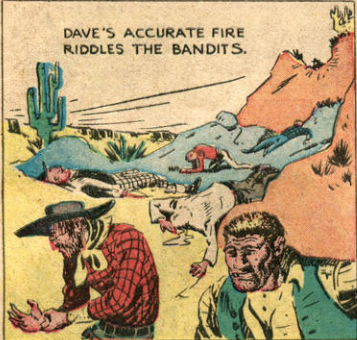


THE LEATHER BELT
REFLECTS THE KNIFE.

HEY, BOYS!



DAVE'S ACCURATE FIRE
RIDDLES THE BANDITS.



STOP OR I'LL DRILL YUH !



THE MEXICAN'S HORSE
STEPS INTO A
GOPHER HOLE...



...AND THE MEX LANDS IN
AN ALKALI POOL.



AW RIGHT, PECOS SLIM!
YUH WAS DISGUISED AS
A MEX, HUH ? HAND
OVER THAT GOLD!

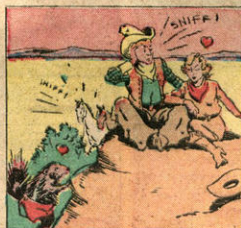
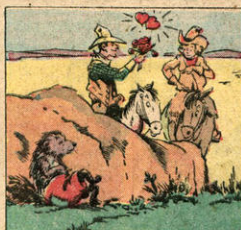
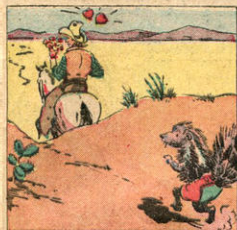
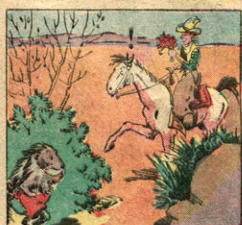
YUH'LL NEVER
FIND IT.
CURSE YUH !

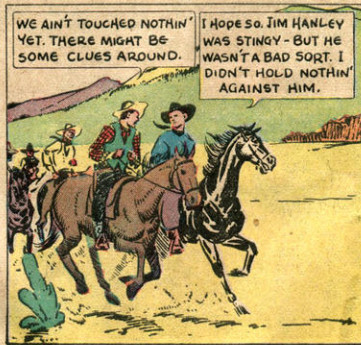
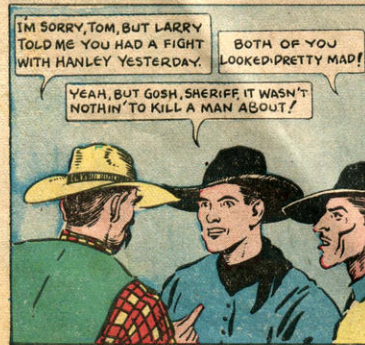
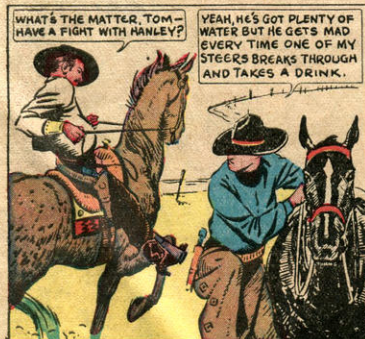


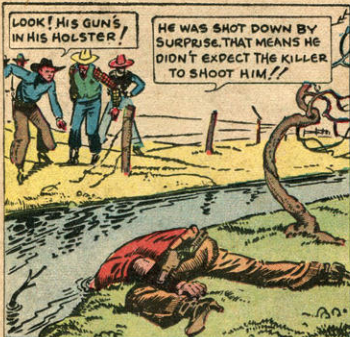
I THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY
YORE CAPE DIDN'T BLOW OUT
AS YUH RODE ! THE GOLD
WEIGHTED IT DOWN !



Homeless OSCAR







LOOK! HIS GUNS
IN HIS HOLSTER!

HE WAS SHOT DOWN BY
SURPRISE. THAT MEANS HE
DIDN'T EXPECT THE KILLER
TO SHOOT HIM!!



IT'S PLAIN! HE DRAGGED
HIMSELF TO THE WATER
AN' FELL IN AS HE DIED!

WHY WOULD HE DRAG
HIMSELF TO THE WATER
AFTER BEING WOUNDED?



HANLEY DRAGGED HIMSELF TO
THE WATER—SO HE COULD TELL
WHO MURDERED HIM. IT
WAS—LARRY ATWATER.

YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU
KILLED HIM, TOM,
AND YOU KNOW IT!



YOU AND HIM WERE ENEMIES FOR YEARS,
WHEN YOU SAW US QUARRELING YESTER-
DAY, YOU GOT THE IDEA OF KILLING
HIM AND BLAMING ME FOR IT!

YOU LIE,
FIELDING, GO
FOR YOUR GUN!



JIM HANLEY PROVED
WHO MURDERED HIM!

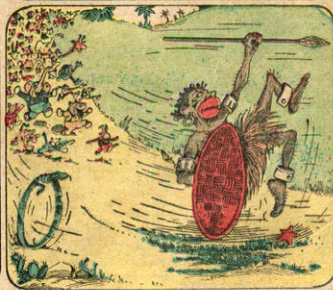
EXPLAIN YOURSELF, TOM.



HANLEY POKED HIS LARIAT INTO
THE WATER BEFORE HE DIED TO
NAME HIS KILLER, LARRY
ATWATER, (LARIAT WATER)!

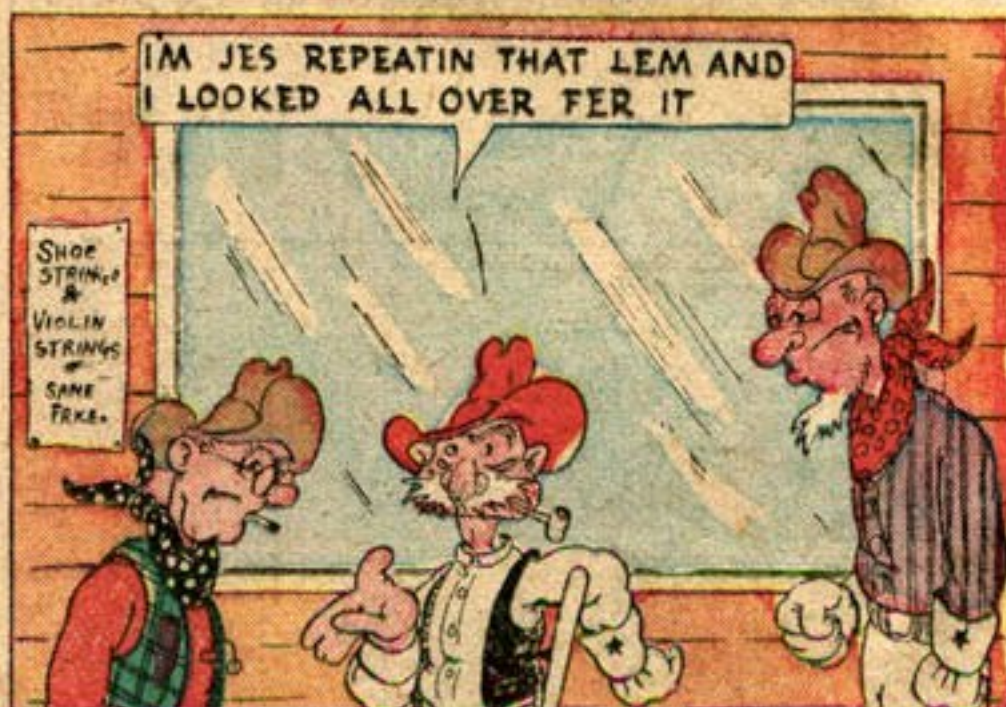
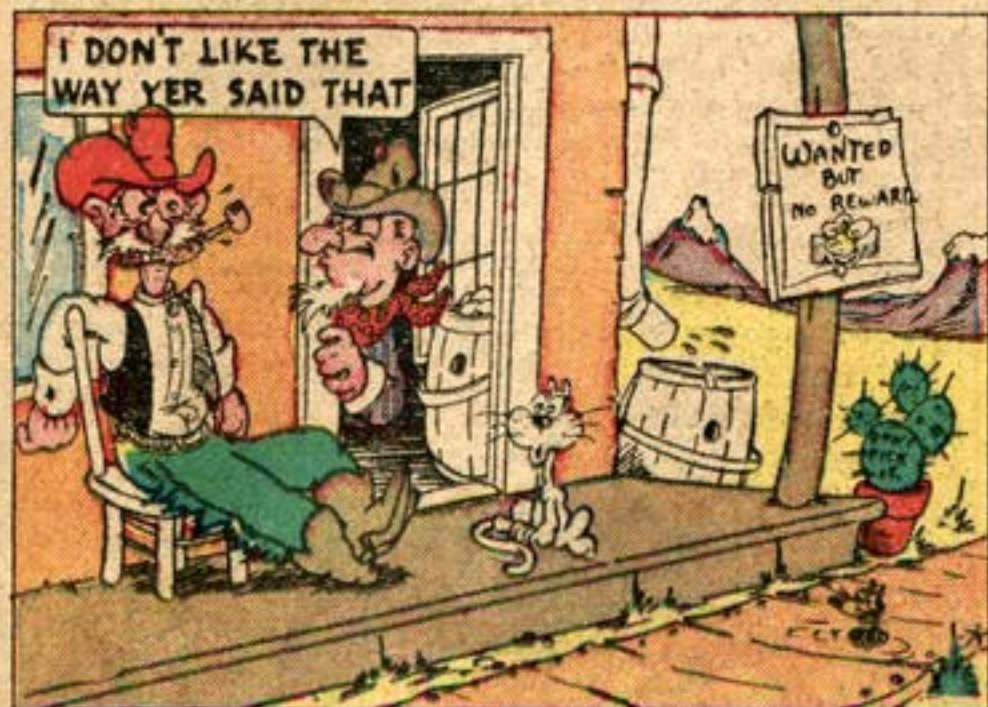
YES—I DONE
IT! THE DEAD
HAS SPOKE!

"The Return of TARZAN"



GOOD NEWS HONEY —
THEY'VE CAST ME IN
THE RETURN OF TARZAN.

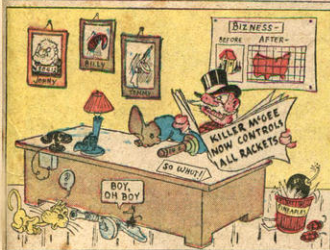
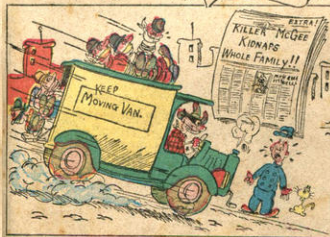
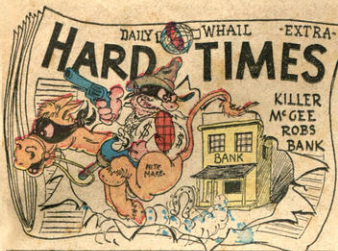
Dick Beyer



CURTISS ENERGIZING CANDIES

Butterfinger

RICH IN DEXTROSE



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CAMERAS
and Supplies!

Reveals latest in-
ventions, methods in photo-
graphy, and how to
make big money for you
and profits. Offers
hundreds of amazing
money-saving bar-
gains in still and
movie cameras, lens-
es, films, etc. Used
equipment accepted in
trade. Write for
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luminous crown, time-keeper dial, railroad band. Compare with
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SEND NO MONEY when your watch arrives pay postpaid
\$2.97 plus postage. Examine watch
carefully. Your money back if not amazed at the value. If you order a
more, you can get a second watch for only \$1 more. Will it be a finer
one \$3.97 regular price and your own will cost you nothing? No strings
in this offer, no catch in it! But you must act **AT ONCE** during this
special Extension Sale. Send coupon or postal today! **FREE** safe
and chain to match every watch!

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YES Ship me R. E. model watch at \$2.97.

Ship me R. E. watches for total \$2.97.

I will pay on arrival nothing more to pay. Money back if not
delighted. I RISK NOTHING.

Name _____

Address _____

CHAIN
AND KNIFE
FREE!

GOLD BOND
GUARANTEE

LONESOME Luke



LONESOME LUKE HAD BARBECUED
A MESS OF TASTY FISH.
HE CHOPPED THE BONES UP VERY FINE,
TO MAKE A NIFTY DISH.



THEN HE GRILLED THE FISH ITSELF,
UNTIL IT WAS WELL DONE,
THEN MIXED THEM BOTH TOGETHER
TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN.



SERVED IT TO HIS COWBOY PALS,
EACH HAD AN APPETITE.
IT DIDN'T SEEM TO THEM AT ALL
TO TASTE EXACTLY RIGHT!



ALONE EACH ONE MAY SATISFY;
BUT MIXED THEY NEVER CAN!
SO THEY TOSSED IT ALL AWAY
AND ATE THE FRYING PAN!!

**DELICIOUS
ENERGIZING CANDY**

RICH IN DEXTROSE *The Sugar You Need for ENERGY!*